

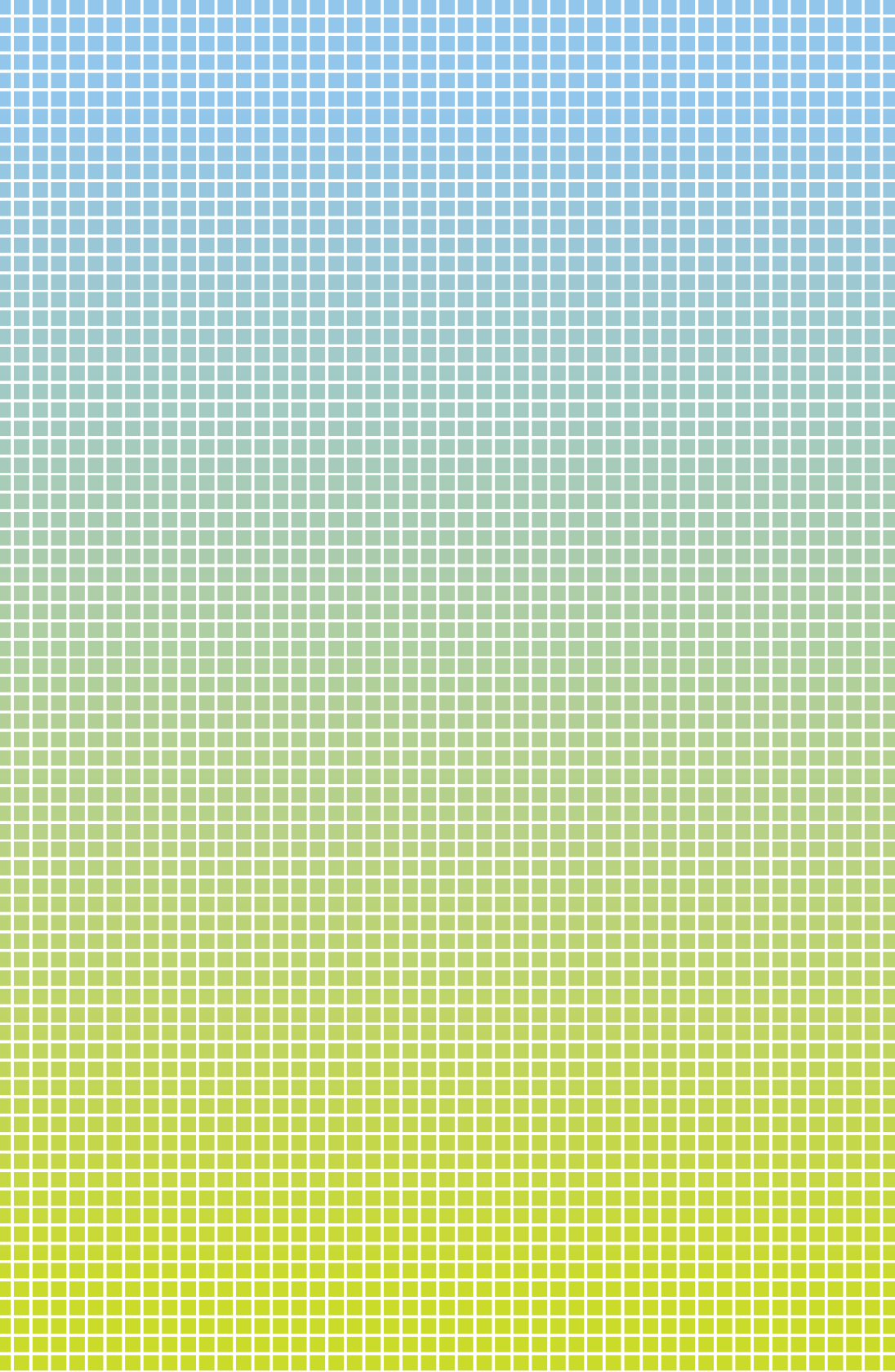


# CHRISTINE LUKY LAWRENCE

## MEDIA ARCHAEOLOGIST

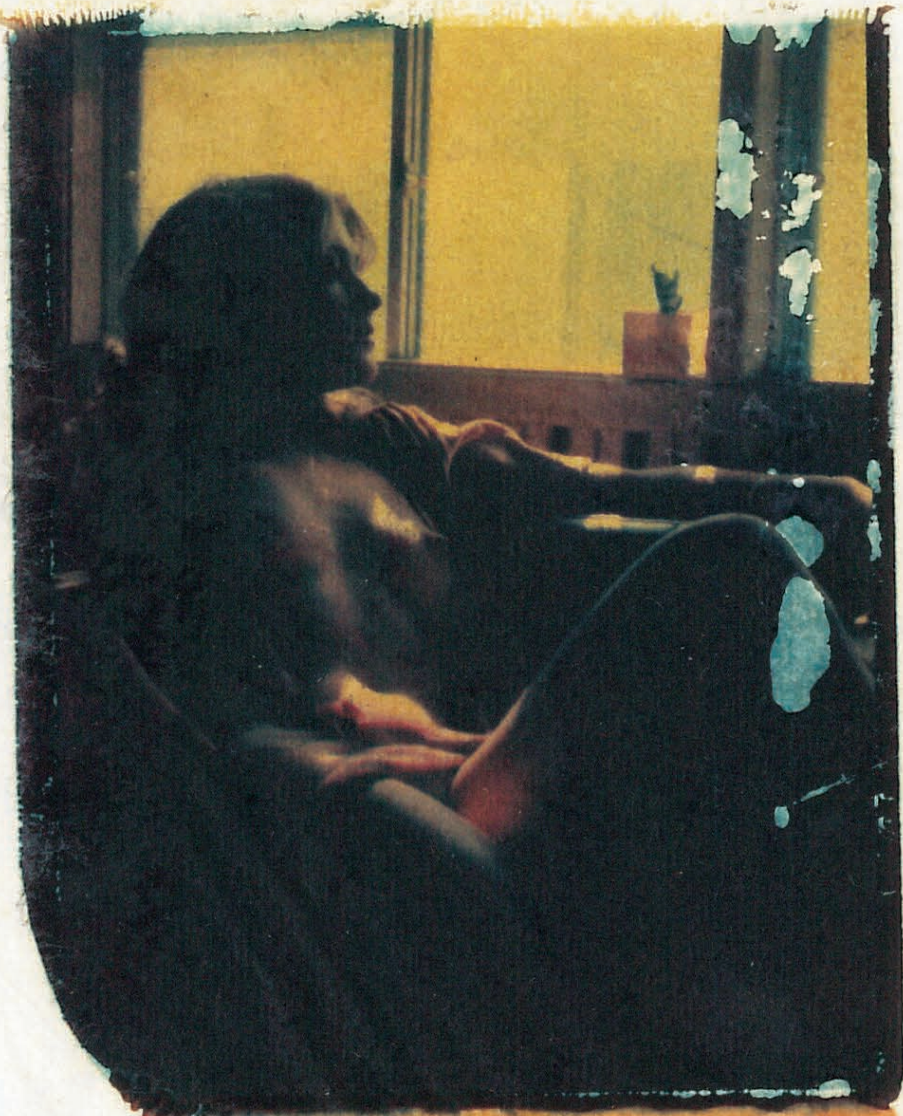
EDITED BY MIKE HOOLBOOM













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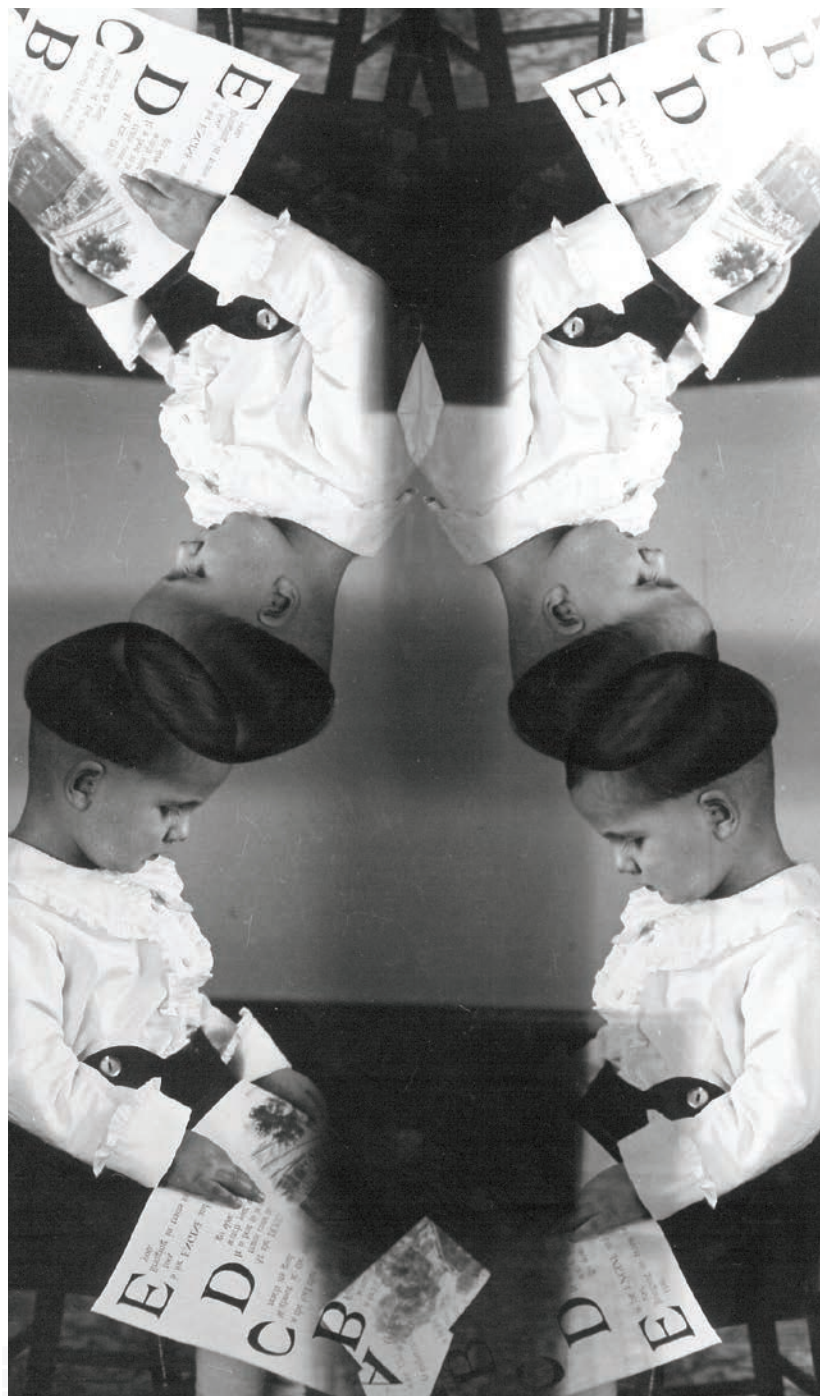
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## REINVENTION

BY MIKE HOOLBOOM

CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER IS A MOTHER OF LOST MEDIAS. As an artist, she is drawn to the forgotten, the mouldy trash, the refused. How tenderly she touches these pictures again, along with the shadowy figures they contain, in order to begin the work of restoring them to view. In her practice, this means straining the often fragile, even falling-apart originals, through a series of analog/digital trespassings. Her animating question is not the same as an archivist, who works to retrieve and restore inside the dystopian frame of “the original.” Instead, this artist spell-casts her found footage — whether home movies, peep shows or late night TV grabs — into something else. Like “art” for instance.

Christine’s media translations bear the marks of her looking, which means that the footage has been necessarily transformed, touched by something in the present, and turned beneath that touch into something newly alive. Her meticulous reframings offer us a reflection on how pictures survive, and what we do with them in order to ensure their survival.

As my pal Mike told me, more than once, the reason great books are so great is not because they possess “universal values” but because they can be reinvented, over and over again, as each reader uncovers them in their singularity. They are available for radical reinterpretation, and because they are able to change, they endure. Chris Marker from *San Soleil*: “We rewrite memory much as history is rewritten. How can one remember thirst?”

A surreal moment in New York’s Collective for Living Cinema. It’s an afternoon screening and the room is jammed, strangely enough. Half the program belongs to Abigail Child who is showing some of her *Is This What You Were Born For?* masterworks, still fresh then, newly minted from the lab. Some feature kinetic, jazz-inspired reworkings of original “home movie” materials, and in the required question and answer period, fringe godfather Jonas Mekas asks what happened to the original footage that Abigail used. What? It seems he was less interested in the artist’s bravura collage, than the throwaway detritus that Abigail had wondrously transformed. I could feel the generational faultlines and mutual outrage, along with the sense that every frame was a line in the sand, every cut had to be argued and won over. The exchange was quintessential New York fringe: erudite and hostile.

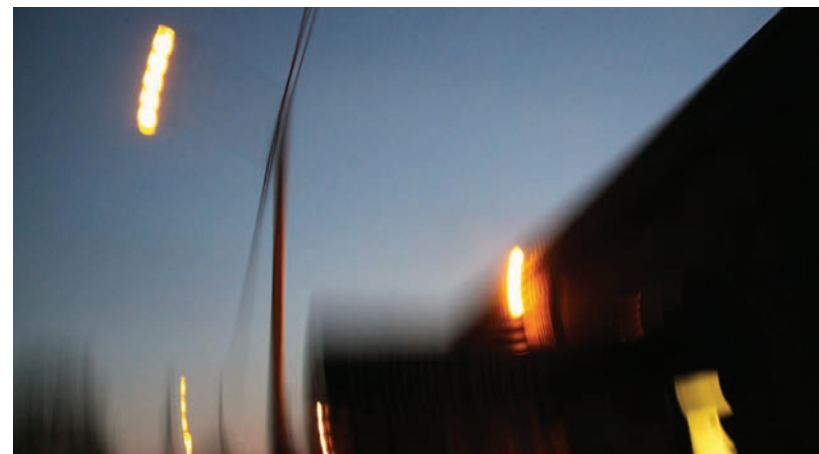
The godfather, so often benevolent and easygoing, spent much of his life trying to preserve the most ephemeral of film practices, so his protests might be understood as a cautionary tale. What he failed to reckon with was that nearly every image drives towards disappearance. It's the natural lean, the most usual thing. Sure Wittgenstein could hum an entire symphony after hearing it once, but most of my Netflix-addicted pals struggle to offer even the barest hint of a plot after a night's viewing. As if pictures are vanishing even more quickly than they appear. It's like Virilio's riff on hyper speed: where you arrive before leaving. Pictures are not only arriving more quickly, they are disappearing at an even greater rate. The rapid succession of pictures that nearly every movie provides takes us through this process. Movies are a demonstration of death "at work," of disappearance, forgetting and erasure. Movies offer us the joy, the beauty, the savouring of moments that mercifully will never happen again.

Christine Lucy Latimer's work, mostly short and silent, suggests that the only way to look is to look again, to see something for the second time. And like Abigail before her, and how many others, she is offering us her own version of disappearance, along with her own views and transformations, her own necessary reframings.

But wait, what about the work's "content?" Shortly after we met Christine pronounced herself "a formalist" and I wondered if that was the kind of thing

that could be said out loud. But of course the fragments she rescues in her work are not incidental. For instance, there is a pronounced interest in the display of female bodies, both *Ghostmeat* and *Format* rework peep shows. *Mosaic* displays nearly naked male boxers glitching up a love clinch, *The Pool* offers a quartet of men in bathing suits, performing masculinity in a viscous, toffee-coloured pool that clings to everything. But mostly the pictures are "abstract," as if the artist was looking too closely, the eye pressed right up against its subject, until it dissolves in a wash of light and line and colour. Whether it's *Nationtime*'s slowed firework eruption, the traffic glaze of *The Bridge View*, the pinball wizardry of *Fraction Refrain*, or the soft Oedipal revenge of *Lines Lines Postfixal* (a conjoining and reworking of a pair of Norman McLaren/Evelyn Lambart films), the artist offers us geometries freed from the burden of strict representation.

In this collection of writings and pictures, artists weigh in on Christine's media gleanings. The hope is to echo the form of her many short movies with a bevy of short takes that conjures a temporary community. How to grant these pictures time, particularly now that we've run out of time? How to allow them to do their work on us, to infect us, soften us, bring us to our senses?



## A CONVERSATION WITH CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER

BY LESLIE SUPNET

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN BLACKFLASH MAGAZINE, JULY 7, 2017

*Christine Lucy Latimer is an avant-garde filmmaker and photographer based in Toronto whose interdisciplinary practice spans over a decade, with over 250 screenings at film festivals and galleries worldwide. In 2015, Latimer received an Honourable Mention in BlackFlash's Optic Nerve Annual Image Contest for Physics and Metaphysics in Modern Photography, 2014, the first time a film work placed in their annual image contest since moving image works were included in the photo contest. Latimer's media-hybrid works collapse and interrogate the essence of film and video technologies, often with a ghostly and nostalgic feel that simultaneously mourns the loss of obsolete practices while keeping them alive.*

*What comes with obsolete technologies are obsolete media — found footage, lost and discarded tapes, imagery, and other detritus that Latimer integrates into her work. While she “saves” this media from the unofficial archives of our discarded past, she often passes it through multiple rigorous processes, including film and video transfers, and various analog and digital signals that heavily degrade the original material up to the point of destruction. While coming close to that edge of loss, Latimer brings them back from the abyss to show us their new life.*

LESLIE: Can you discuss the role media hybridity plays in your work?

CHRISTINE: My work comes from a fascination with moving-image tools and their evolution. Using the detritus from these histories (broken gear, found/abandoned videotapes and small-gauge home movies) as art-making material, I strive to comment on issues of authorship, relevance and obsolescence in lens-based media. I



am curious to explore imaging technologies when they are considered no longer commercially relevant.

My practice often combines multiple media formats into one hybrid image. I enter into states-of-play with different processes, including multi-generational video transfers, lens/projection interruption and the daisy-chaining of several live technologies. Through modes of salvage and reconstitution, the unique artifacts of these historic mediums squish together to create images of indeterminate time/place origin.

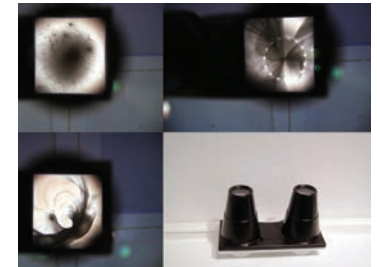
LESLIE: How has time and place influenced your art practice?

CHRISTINE: My artist mother, avid film-and-television-watching father, and generally westernized, middle-class suburban upbringing (just on the outskirts of Toronto) were all quite important to the evolution of my art practice.

Late 1990s Toronto was also a huge influence. I was doing a double major at the Ontario College of Art and Design, in both Photography and Integrated Media. Digital tech hadn't yet arrived at the College, I was taught archival film and paper processes in my photography classes, learned celluloid-based filmmaking, and worked with analog video using broadcast-quality Beta SP cameras.

The medium-specific leanings at OCAD were quite pointed, many of my instructors were moving-image artists that became active in Toronto in the 1970s and '80s, and they either identified strictly as experimental filmmakers OR video artists. At the time, experimental film and video art (in Toronto at least), existed as separate camps that prioritized very different things. There was a clear divide, with divergent infrastructures supporting making, distribution, representation and exhibition.

The ways that media making was divided at the College were baffling to me, and this confusion increased with my expanding exposure to experimental film and video art. I grew up as any suburban, westernized middle-class kid did in the 1990s — going to the cinema and watching VHS tapes — with one foot planted squarely on either side of the film/video fence. The similarities among these forms



were magical, because to me they symbolized an obvious space of evolution and democratization. Film and video spooled backwards and forwards, and they also were both made out of metal (silver emulsion and oxide).

I felt drawn to techniques that were part of the industrial and electronic revolutions of the 20th century. I became curious as to how I could unify the mediums artists used to make moving images in a gesture of revolt against the strange divisions I encountered. I began making work that brought together film and video, employing various transfer processes between mediums to try to eliminate the visual signifiers that might show where film ends and video begins. Obviously, the nature of this sort of hybridity is quite era-specific, as definitions of “filmmaking” were about to change with the widespread emergence of digital consumer lens-based technologies.

LESLIE: Your multi-media installation for *Viewfinders* at The Robert McLaughlin Gallery in 2014 is exemplary of your aesthetic investigations into lens-based technologies with the works *Physics and Metaphysics in Modern Photography* (16mm/ digital video hybrid, 6.5 minutes, colour, silent, 2014) and *Stereovision Tanks Disguised as Aquariums* (shelf-mounted stereoscopic exposures of computer screensavers). Confronted with the ghosts of technology, the viewer questions the nature of the images they see. Can you discuss how your formal juxtapositions engage the viewer in your installation work?

CHRISTINE: I enjoy using presentation forms and technologies outside of their intended purposes. In previous projects this has included suspending 16mm film projectors from the ceiling as illumination sources, projecting images onto unlikely surfaces (such as cooked white rice), and using curved mirrors and stereoscopy to force images into strange new contexts.

With the works in the *Viewfinders* exhibition, the hope was to use physical technological juxtapositions to involve the viewer in a collapse of photographic histories. *Physics and Metaphysics in Modern Photography* used mobile phone footage of pages from *The 1957 Photographer's Almanac*. 1957 was the first year that a digital image was ever generated, and I wanted to use a catalogue from that year, depicting a massive array of consumer lens-based tools, to describe the trajectory of the moving image from that point in history to present day. I transferred the mobile phone footage of various advertisements from this almanac to 16mm film, and installed the work as a 16mm film loop, playing on a projector within the gallery space.

*Stereovision Tanks Disguised as Aquariums* deals with a similar conflation of old and new media. The title is a quote from Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange*

*Land*, and is the first known depiction of the screen saver. For this installation, I used a 1950's stereoscopic 35mm camera to shoot long exposures of contemporary computer screen savers on B&W film. I then hand-processed and solarized the film in a wet darkroom (using home-brewed coffee-based chemistry) to create ethereal, chemically present transparencies that evoked sepia-toned antiquity. Both the screen saver and the long exposures were used as examples of the passage of time. The installation conflated 19th-century stereoscopy, durational photography, the analog darkroom, and durational computer use, and each element was fully, simultaneously, accessible to the viewer.

LESLIE: Artifacts, both digital and analog, create otherworldly environments in your works, such as in *Mosaic*, 2002. Was this your first piece? How did it come about?

CHRISTINE: *Mosaic* is my first official film, it's the first project I made after finishing school and striking out on my own as an artist. It's also one of the first times I incorporated digital media.

In my final years of school, broadcast television experienced a change with the arrival of digital cable. The infrastructure of open-air broadcast was vast, while digital broadcast was a novelty—something consumers weren't yet convinced about. In 2001 I was offered 3 free months of digital cable, and the promise of hundreds of “specialty channels” which were, at the time, more like half-baked nether-channels struggling for content to fill a programming day. I have always been an avid television-watcher, and this new form of television, replete with hundreds of totally crazy “geared to lifestyle” channels, sent me into a vortex of sleepless nights and blank staring. It wasn't simply the burgeoning, desperate clangings of a new medium in its emergence; it was also the delivery system, the digital image itself that was being broadcast.

At this stage, digital broadcast was highly unstable and prone to failure. It would vacillate endlessly between moments of representation and abstraction — a chunky coloured square array could become an episode of “Extreme Fishing,” while a late-night “Turner Classic” movie could become an achromatic vibrating hound's tooth pattern. These signal distortions were not the snowy screens of broadcast television that I grew up with, but something else that represented a new struggle — an image trying to wrestle against its own technological limitations in order to emerge.

I began to record hours of these distorted signals onto VHS tape. I was quite preoccupied, because it was all so beautiful, and it was constantly changing. One day there was a Muai Thai fight that was producing terrific visual distortion that was also

distorting the ways I understood the fight. The distortion removed any idea of winning or losing, prioritizing instead the placement of engaged bodies, wrestling to find their next position. I loved the unlikeliness of this footage, and that I could capture these fledgling digital distortions on a tape media that the digital revolution would soon render obsolete. I wanted to further collapse history into this image, to showcase the newness and preciousness of that moment in time with a traditionally more precious moving image medium. So I got a local film lab to transfer my VHS footage of a digitally scrambled cable TV boxing match onto black-and-white 16mm film.

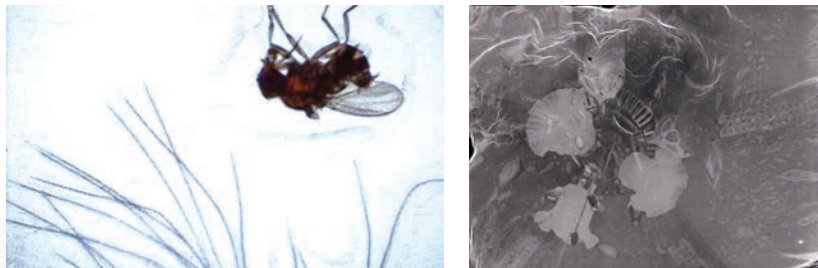
LESLIE: **How do chance and improvisation inform your moving image practice?**

CHRISTINE: Whatever I am working on is usually guided by the images or technologies I have most recently found to play with. I am constantly on the hunt for abandoned media and gear, some of which I have to either fix or teach myself to use, which allows for several elements of chance in my process.

I like to generate unexpected results from the unlikely marriage of formats or processes. I tend to work in bursts, finishing projects very quickly. Each project feels mysterious, prone to failure, and impossible to picture until it's actually realized.

LESLIE: **The found footage in your work passes through various technologies. *The Pool*, 2011, for instance, takes 16mm found footage of swimmers diving into a pool, that is captured by one analog and one digital video camera, then run through a Vidiffektor (a hand-crafted signal attenuator made by Montreal artist James Schidlowsky). While this process creates a lossy, degraded image, it simultaneously gives the image a new life. Can you describe this process, and how you choose the different technologies the images pass through?**

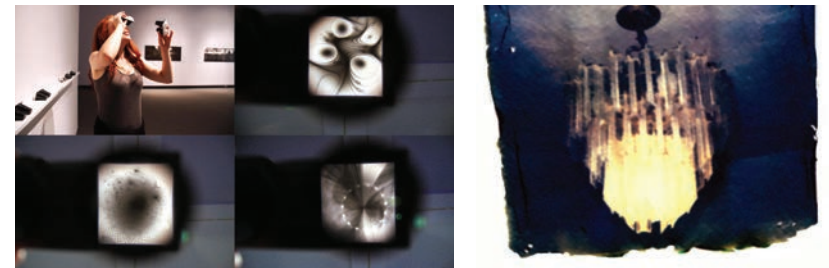
CHRISTINE: *The Pool* started with a roll of brittle, black-and-white 16mm film that I found at an antique market. I'm pretty sure I talked the seller down to 50 cents for the film can, as it was coated in rust, and the film inside was already in pieces.



After getting the film home and doing serious splicing surgery on it, I ran it through my projector at a reduced speed, fearful that it would catch and burn at any moment. The image slapped itself across the screen in fits and bursts. The content was incredible, featuring a group of bucolic, overjoyed men swimming and diving. I knew that the film was close to the end of its life, too devastated for anything more than one more tenuous pass through the projector. So I daisy-chained several technologies together in an effort to try and preserve the image. I wanted to fill in the blank spaces and missing areas in the film with video artifacts, building textures that would canonize these swimmers onto something more stable than the brittle, forgotten surface they were found on. I aimed my 16mm film projector into the ground glass of a mirrored film transfer unit, mounted with a mini DV video camera. I passed the video signal through this camera into a VHS video camera, passed that video signal through the Vidiffektor, and then recorded the entire thing on a VHS tape deck. The film was played one last time, passing through this live strand of connections, for the last time.

Unforeseen byproducts were created through this process. Some were favorable, such as a brilliant yellow image tonality, but others were difficult to manage. The flicker of the badly damaged 16mm film was emphasized to an extreme degree, so I had to work on the final video frame-by-frame, removing frames until it resolved. Somewhere towards the end of this process, I felt as though the content was working, and I had effectively salvaged the original footage using an overly complicated form of preservation.

LESLIE: **You use found images in *Still Feeling Blue About Colour Separation*, 2015, in which you re-photograph over 200 internet-sourced images of Macbeth Cards onto super-8 cyanotype emulsion. *Lines Postfixal*, 2013, is a marriage of two found companion 16mm film prints salvaged from the NFB's garbage bin in Toronto, reworked using analog video technologies. Can you talk about how appropriated imagery functions in your work?**



CHRISTINE: I am something of a media hoarder. I try to save discarded films, videotapes, photographs and slides as much as I can. There are so many pieces of abandoned media left in the wake of obsolete technologies, the process of moving into newer, dematerialized formats often means discarding and forgetting physical objects. This is highly disturbing for me, and so I become a bit of an adoptive mother for the physical images that no one else wants to hold on to. I would much rather adopt old films or photographs and use them for artmaking than shoot new footage. The unwantedness of the old images is, I suppose, what make them so precious to me. The gesture of embracing that which has been abandoned is a pervasive theme that runs throughout my work. It's both an act of love and a political statement — to repurpose what already exists.

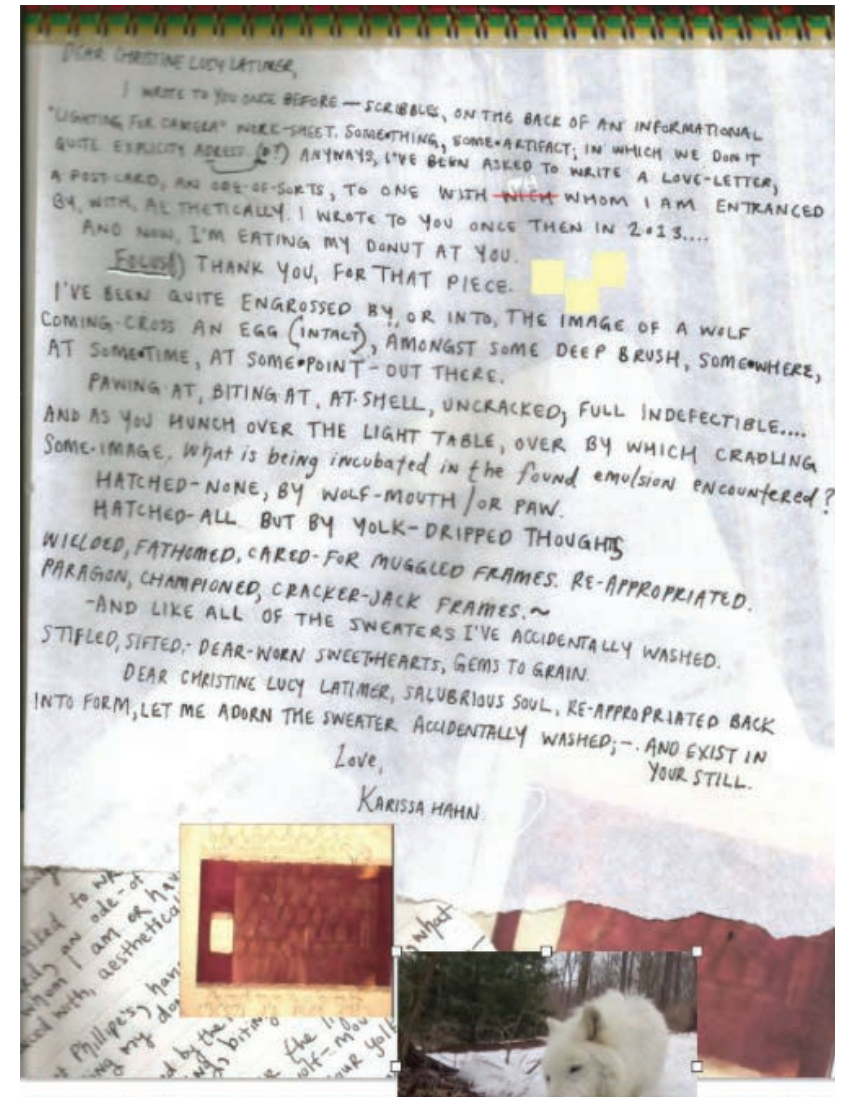
LESLIE: You create stunning pieces that can be described as visual music that, more often than not, do not have soundtracks. Is there a reason most of your work is silent?

CHRISTINE: My unfulfilled relationship with childhood music lessons is a factor. Mostly though, the works I make are quite visually dense, and a visual pulse or rhythm emerges within them (frequently as a byproduct of the manipulated technologies I am using). The organic and spontaneous rhythms in the images create their own soundless sound. To add a soundtrack would make the images harder to see.

*Leslie Supnet is an artist and filmmaker from Winnipeg, MB, the first city in the world to develop the 911 emergency number.*

## TO CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER

BY KARISSA HAHN



## PROGRAM DESCRIPTION

BY TOM MCSORLEY

*I'm neither left nor right  
I'm just stayin' home tonight  
getting lost in that hopeless little screen.*

LEONARD COHEN, *Democracy*

I'm alone with my screen. Again. It's working me over pretty good: I'm hungry; I'm horny; I crave conflict, I want resolution; I might need a god, but I don't need a church; I definitely want to know more about Satan. As always, the screen promises to yield up its secrets, but I am stimulated and impatient. I can't — no, I *won't* — stay on one channel. Surf's up!

Christine Lucy Latimer's deceptively simple *Program Description* (3.5 minutes 2003) recreates that cathode ray-induced trance of staring at our screens, and slyly insinuates the crucial question that while we may be looking, are we actually seeing? An interruption-driven phantasmagoria of sex chat line advertisements, televangelists, test patterns, 'Technical Difficulty' announcements, cooking shows, and courtroom dramas is framed within an eerily stable onscreen schedule title card announcement about an upcoming program about the history and meaning of Satan. Big ideas and banalities, the trivial and the transcendental:

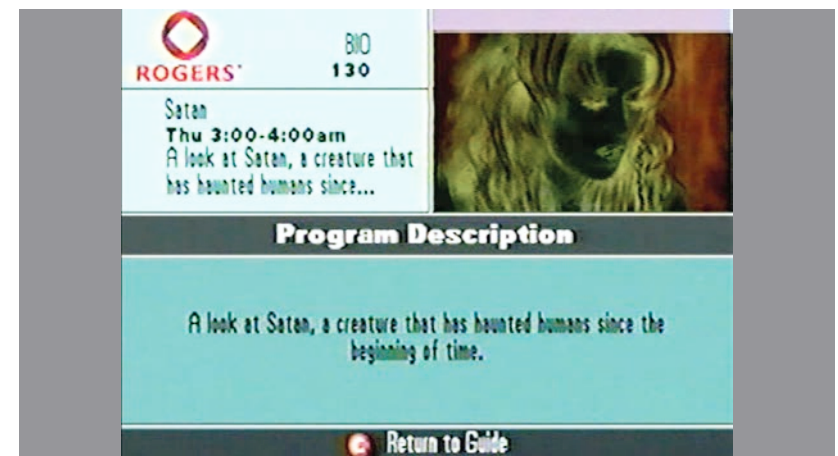


how can such a small screen contain such vast antinomies; moreover, how does our civilization straddle these deep chasms of chaos and contradiction? What exactly are we looking at?

*Program Description's* canny replication of channel surfing incorporates these urgent inquiries. Within its single television's multi-panelled screen, we encounter all manner of appetites (sexual, moral, spiritual, political, material) as the apparently endless audiovisual detritus of late capitalism flows over our eyes. Within these modalities of distraction, though, Latimer hints that this could be a productive place where we can perceive the outlines of some core questions about our culture and history: identity, belief, gender, justice. Rather than an easy denunciation of the trivialities of television and mass media, she constructs a concise, cogent confrontation with the eccentric evidence of our world's preoccupations.

In amongst the vulgarity and venality, the mediated scratches and video blurring, and the rare meaningful moments in that "hopeless little screen," there is something more profound underway. Perhaps we are actually engaged in a process of looking into analog/digital mirrors — mirrors that offer reflections, however mysterious or oblique, of our acts of watching, thinking and desiring, of our certainty and our confusion. *Program Description* asks: why are we always looking at a screen? Are we searching for a sighting of ourselves in that miasma of images and sounds? As Latimer's insightful, tautly constructed televisual tone poem suggests, if yes is a possible answer, then what seems like aimless distraction can be transmuted into concentration and attention. If so, maybe then we'll be a little less lost, a little less alone.

*Tom McSorley is Executive Director of the Canadian Film Institute in Ottawa, Adjunct Research Professor of Film Studies at Carleton University, and film critic on the CBC Radio One program, Ottawa Morning.*



## MOSAIC

BY JUBAL BROWN

*Mosaic* (3:17 minutes 2002) is an experimental film that fetishizes video, a portrait of digital distortion from 2002. As an experimental film it is an exercise, a formalist study of abstraction and movement through texture-obsessed deconstruction of the medium of video. In the tradition of experimental film, the image content is irrelevant. There is only movement and texture.

On the entirely separate level of image, *Mosaic* is filled with classical adoration of toned muscular young men's bodies in combat, in black and white, slow motion, sentimentalised. I'm seeing a little Eadweard Muybridge. The image appears to show a Muay Thai kickboxing match via a digital cable signal that is malfunctioning. It calls to memory a moment that a certain generation will identify with: trying to watch scrambled porn. You catch a body part here, a gesture there. With the loss of the image most of the action happens in the viewer's imagination, where it, like porn, can be anything you want it to be. Latimer, at the controls of the editing suite, is jumping into this combat with these men, with images, with her role as an experimental filmmaker.

These two levels seem to be at odds and irreconcilable. One is technology, the second is the body. The machine and the flesh. Video and film.

We are, with Latimer's guidance, going back and forth over the same few seconds of action, newly disarmed of both its violence and content. The image's distortion becomes the content. It's a fetishization of the failure of image that is broken down to its basic element: movement.

Latimer engages in battle with representation, using her weapons as an editor to disarm and defeat both men, the referee, and the image. She renders their movements futile, stuck between times, stuttering slowly, silently, back and forth. Digital video glitches and broken views of image failure occupy a grey area between film and video where the fight for the moving image vanguard takes place. All that's left are torn pictures of bodies, the futility of these men's struggles and Latimer's adoration of the broken pixel.

*Jubal Brown (b 1975) is a Toronto-based cultural worker, writer, organizer, video maker, visual artist and iconoclast, known for A/V machine gun style Jawa video and the event series Videodrome, Shit Fun, famefame... ...Wasteland, Art System, Gallery Death...*



## LETTER TO EVELYN

BY RHAYNE VERMETTE

---

DEAR EVELYN,

I've been thinking about you a lot lately. You see, I watched this (fairly new) short film called *Mosaic*, and, to be honest, I've really thought of you quite a bit since this first recollection. Life really does know how to kick up the dirt to reveal dreams that sleep under that twinkling dust! It's as though you and your *Mosaic*, interpolated within Christine Lucy Latimer's *Mosaic* — aroused a dream for a state within me.

Latimer constructs a sort of theatre to house a dance, just like you did. But, working though pairs, you each hone the tension of a waltz as your fiction. Looking at your film and then looking at hers, I see two clandestine figures waving through a patchwork of flickering geometrics. But there is so much more to this.

Remember that time when you hollowed out grapefruits, and then flattened them with a rolling pin? She also points to a particular place through the limits of particular tools, in a particular time. She also questions what happens to a body when it's reduced to a singular plane — this is what you asked of yourself after all, isn't it?

The cracks in the reflections and the divergences of the copy — these are the forms that Latimer also traces. To me, her gesture in *Mosaic* creates a map. This is how I've placed myself in relation to you, Evelyn — and this is how I've thought of you since, and this is how I've framed my view upon most everything, lately — seeking that square which frames limitless forms. I see them, so clearly.

I see myself, displaced and distorted, somewhere between the two poles revealed in Latimer's piece. Buffered through the air, I am far far far far far far far far far away from Latimer who, on a couch, sat with her acute conceptions drawn from superfluous broadcast images. Now an open window, a cat at my feet, and the sound of traffic undermine a film's celluloid mausoleum or an artist's wish.

Thinking of you Evelyn, a landing site under the influence of nostalgia's perfume. Here one can dream.

RH

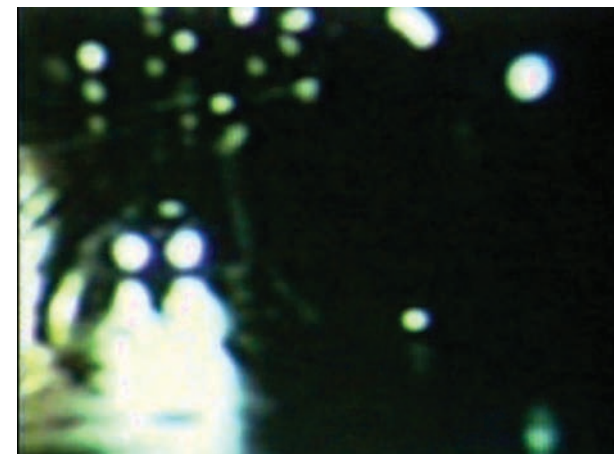
*Rhayne Vermette is a filmmaker from Winnipeg. She is currently working on a feature-length narrative.*

## THE BRIDGE VIEW

BY CHRIS GEHMAN

When I was young I wrote a story about a man who was obsessed with the traffic in a large city, believing that if he could learn to interpret its patterns, it would reveal to him the collective thoughts of an industrialized capitalist society. Needless to say, the effort drove him mad.

Surveillance videos like the publicly accessible traffic videos used in *The Bridge View* (2005) provide a continuous stream of images that, once a vantage point has been selected to serve their purpose, is absolutely mindless, without intention or affect. The cameras record and transmit, and the view shifts from one camera to another in an unvarying rhythm: here, about three seconds elapse from one change of camera view to the next. This constant, uninflected rhythm, borrowed from one of television's most boring formats, gives this video its peculiar hypnotic effect. And it also makes the viewer second-guess what is seen: *Has this been cut together, or is it one continuous stream? Didn't I see these cars before? What time of night is it? Where are they going, and why?* It was looking at traffic and believing he could understand it, that it could provide meaningful answers, which sent the character in my story down the path of the search for linguistic meaning in non-linguistic matter.



As in so much of her work, here Christine Lucy Latimer reprocesses these images through additional video systems, adding a layer of interference patterns that produces an additional overall texture, as well as shifts of exposure when the camera feed shifts from one view to another. In this way the image attains a kind of *presence*, which shifts the balance away from the kind of representation that seduces you with the desire for interpretation toward an acceptance of the thing itself as itself: cars on the highway; pixels on a screen. And the length of the work serves the same goal. A briefer clip (assuming the work was being shown as a loop), would announce its repetitions too easily. But the long running time means there is too much to keep track of, the stream seems ever-changing in its sameness, and in a Cagney spirit we must accept what the traffic says, which is what the video says, which is what the artist says: I am what I am.

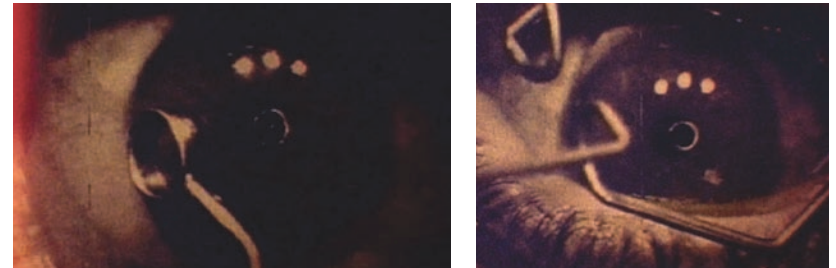
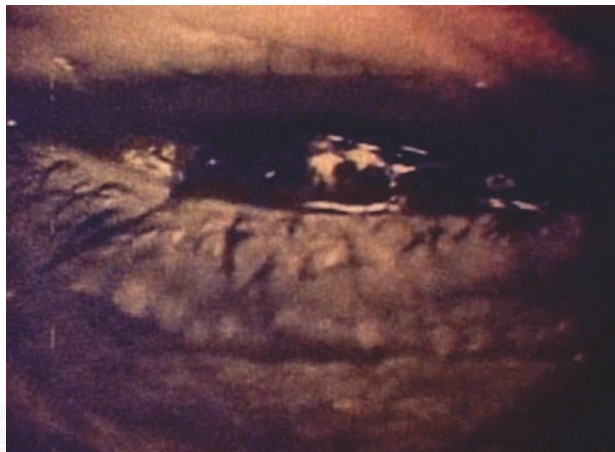
*Chris Gehman is a constant reader, occasional filmmaker, arts administrator and educator who lives in Toronto. He has made several films that have screened here and there, and has worked for small and large arts organizations and published some writing about experimental media.*

## OVER {PAST:FUTURE} SIGHT AND THE VULNERABLE EYE

BY KELSEY VELEZ

*Over {Past:Future} Sight* (2006) is hard to watch. I think of the reprogramming scene in *A Clockwork Orange* (Stanley Kubrick, 1971), when Alex is strapped to himself, his eyes held open by specula like the one seen in *Over*. The analogy is apt. Alex suffers visions of war, tormented by the overstimulation of his sight and his mind. Watching *Over* is kind of like that. I can't help but feel an empathic aversion to the sight of an eye being mutilated and prodded by the anonymous and omnipotent hand of the surgeon.

Christine Lucy Latimer did something horrific, in the generic sense, when she appropriated footage of an eye undergoing surgery. She observes something uncomfortable, acknowledging a consequence of our biology, which is our fragility. The solid state of our bodies comes into question when we undergo a procedure; we take our bodies for granted until they fail. Then we must acknowledge that we are not in control of our destiny, but that someone else has the power to revive, reset, resuscitate what we never had to do more than feed or groom. The experience of this weakness gives us a glimpse into the precarious balance between wellness and disintegration, and this glimpse destabilizes the blissful comfort of living in health.



Made in 1929, *Un Chien Andalou* features an eye being sliced open, its jelly issuing forth in a moment that I would identify as, pardon the pun, eye opening. Dalí and Buñuel knew well the symbolic power that horrific manipulations of the body can have. By juxtaposing an image of a human eye with that of an animal's, we are fooled into believing that the human eye is really being mutilated. *Over* is certainly prefigured by the Surrealist duo's use of montage, but *Over* takes it a step further. Whereas *Un Chien Andalou* makes use of the horrific as a tool, *Over* makes an experience out of it. In a long take, the moving eye appears desperate as it darts around, as if seeking something, unable to close itself in refuge. It is helpless, as the surgeon manipulates the surface of that precious and fragile organ. The subject and the viewer share this experience of looking, creating an empathy that augments the discomfort.

The power of Christine Lucy Latimer's film is in this unwavering gaze. By looking behind the curtain of a surgical procedure, Latimer has made something common out of the privileged, dislodging our assumptions about how the body should be treated with the reality of how it must be treated in order to be maintained. *Over {Past:Future} Sight* is a film that contributes to a conversation that questions the cold, supervisory gaze of the medical community by permitting the lay person to witness the torturous yet healing hand of science through a practiced and idiosyncratic process of remediation. Perhaps Latimer reclaims the power wielded by the surgeon through the similarly meticulous treatment of her material.

*Kelsey Velez makes films. She received an MFA from the School of the Art Institute of Chicago and currently resides in Orlando, FL.*

## JUST BEYOND THE SCREEN: THE UNIVERSE, AS WE KNOW IT, IS ENDING

### IMPRESSIONS AND CONSIDERATIONS

BY BARBARA STERNBERG

I'm really not a writer and I'm not good with fathoming metaphors and analyzing work ("I just know what I like") but here are some immediate thoughts I had.

Creates a feeling of disquiet (though silent) of unease, of anticipation unsatisfied.

Flickering of light on the right side of the metal structure — at its most benign and mundane/rational it reads as the flickering of a film projector. But even as I know this, there is an otherness, an ominous sense.

Suggestive and not quite visible parallel on left (*sinistra*) side of metal structure divide is a digital rather than film image. It also has an unstable shimmer. The colours of endings — of day, of the world — feel apocalyptic.

Perhaps it's not a film, but a piece of film to be looped as installation — to be seen in whole or part or over and over — endlessly.

Old movie or home movie footage.

So effective a feeling of end times — of the unreadable past and impossible future.



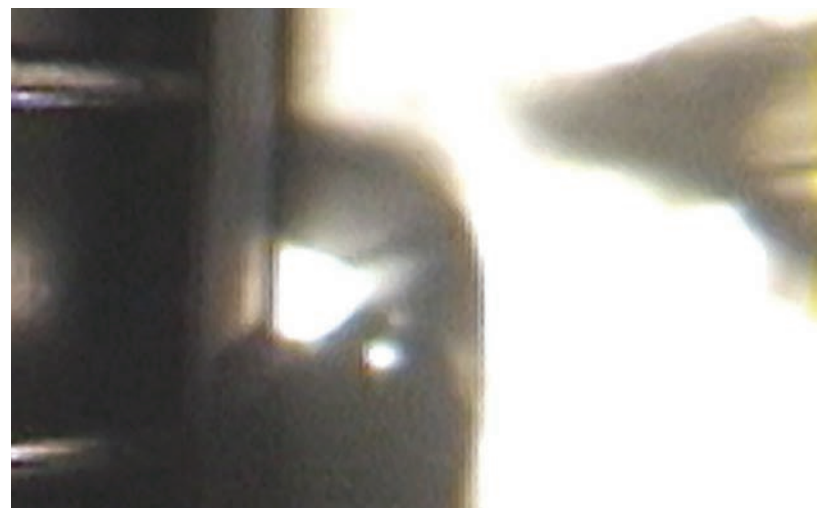
### CONSIDERATIONS

The film is silent and so we connect strongly with the image. The film doesn't make statements but rather hints at, intimates, makes powerful impressions (anyway, the title tells us all we need to be told). The film image (old found or home movie footage), the Past, is whited out, hard to "read," unavailable — ghostly. Because we can't quite make out the image, we keep watching and straining to make sense. The colour palette of the digital image, the Future, suggests environmental or man-made destruction, viewed in the near distance — the coming apocalypse.

With this single shot we are still, our way blocked by a dark obstacle (cinema entrance), in the dark, suspended between past and future, unreachable, unknowable, endlessly repeating.

Christine Lucy Latimer is an artist aware of experimental film history and she works consciously with the properties of her chosen media. (*Lines Postfixal* gives the nod to Norman McLaren and *Focus* to Gariné Torossian.) Seen through her altering lens, we experience familiar scenes in a compelling way. As Novalis and Coleridge have said: the mark of good poetry is to make the familiar strange and the strange familiar. Latimer is indeed a very good poet.

*Barbara Sternberg has been looking at and making experimental films since the early 1970's — and still is.*



## A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

BY JORGE LOZANO

Christine's movie *A Fight to the Finish* (2009) is complicated because she talks about a duel between film and video, using depictions of a lion and lioness (or a tiger?) fighting as a metaphor. There's a reference to Pixelvision (video recorded on sound cassettes) and super 8 but all I can see is video/Pixelvision filmed on super 8 or vice versa (hard to say).

The theory of a duel between film and video up to now — with 8k resolution or even more — has a predictable outcome. The winner of a fight between scanner noise, digital noise and grain is on the side of the luminous landscape produced by film. The real fight, the fight of two felines, is elegantly attractive as the two big cats fight to death in a seducing slow motion and a pulsating rhythm of light produced by different levels in the brightness. Their movements and corporal expressions are incredibly captivating even though it is blurry. We humans are voyeuristic and sadistic because somehow we enjoy representations of violence (and violence makes money except in experimental film).

*Jorge Lozano is a media artist who lives and works in Toronto.*



## FORMAT

BY MIKHAIL ZHELEZNIKOV

Look at me. I live when you look at me, even if only through the viewfinder window. I live for you, I'm looking at you, I breathe for you. Do you see me? The camera chirps and the little frames run into the past, one after another. How much film do we have left? How much time do I have?

I am glad that you have this new toy, with it you look at me almost like before. Two whole minutes for the three of us: you, me and she. I am almost not jealous of your new girlfriend. She is impartial, she sees what you see. What do I look like? Do you see my soft skin, my breasts, my eyes? All this for you, only for you. I guess, I don't dare to watch this film, because in fact it is not me, I cannot afford to be like that. I hope no one else will see it. But now I will stay in these small frames that have captured you looking at me and me looking at you, two glances joined together.

Can the film keep my tenderness, my fear? Will I remain like this now in many years? Does your camera know how fast the time goes? She eats it up, minute



by minute, turns our life into thousands of unnecessary pictures that will outlive us. What for? Your glance meets with mine and remains on the film, which, perhaps, many years later someone will charge into the projector, and a ray of light will cause us to live again on a white screen, and these two minutes will repeat again. Who will be looking at me? Will they feel that at these moments I was alive for the first time in many, many days? Will they be able to see me with your eyes, and you with mine? Maybe they laugh at a woman in love even though she's not in her first youth (why didn't you buy a camera earlier?). Or they will study, analyze the behavior of people from the past, build their silly theories, and will not even understand that the whole thing is that I love you, and nothing else. Keep looking at me, my dear, until the film runs out.

Intimate shots of amateur film are fascinating, there is no self-expression and edification in them, they were not shot for us and, looking at them, it is difficult to get rid of the feeling of awkwardness, as if you cannot tear yourself away from someone else's keyhole. Shooting them again onto an eight-millimeter film, first from the projection on the wall and then from the camcorder's LCD screen aimed at the wall, Lucy Latimer pretends to be attempting to shelter these homeless images, return them "home," protect them from uninvited glances by reassuring our conscience, turning us from vulgar voyeurs into spectators, in the comfort of aloof watching. But the format turns out to be powerless — a feeling once recorded on a film is transmitted almost without loss through any number of barriers, even when only vague contours remain from the image, because it's not about the way of looking and not about technology, but only about what we are looking at.

*Mikhail Zheleznikov is a filmmaker and festival programmer from St. Petersburg, Russia.*

## GHOSTMEAT

BY HOPE PETERSON

In *Ghostmeat* (10:45 minutes, 2003) Christine Lucy Latimer creates a vapour around her subject, denying her audience the flesh we'd like to indulge, sheltering her foundling subject from ravishment. Veiling this vintage pin-up model in a haze of pixel dust, the artist obscures the viewer's gaze, deflecting the voyeurism that is at the core of the artist's problem here. How do you work with this tantalizing material without perpetuating or projecting exploitation? The subject appears so vulnerable in her disinterest, yet the enjoyment of the viewer, the camera, myself, is palpable, prurient. We are teased and denied and schooled and indulged, but the sex has been demoted, now secondary to the lure of cinema itself.

The original film is salvaged from a mutoscope — a personal film watching device from the last century, sometimes coin operated. Latimer takes the found snippet of a private striptease shot in a living room long ago and projects it within a barren tableau that includes a bubbling water lamp, and refilms it with a toy video camera. The lamp is an inside joke, as it sheds no light on the situation, but flickers hypnotically, threatening to obscure and engulf the projection. The subject



holds my eye despite this apparatus, and I see only the peep show performer. She stands at mid-range to her camera, and slowly, methodically, removes her clothing as one would undress while alone, preoccupied with one's day or private concerns. She betrays no opinion, and doesn't address the camera with her gaze. She's not acting or emoting or seducing. The camera's eye is business-like but not forceful, she's not responding to requests from beyond the frame, she's just a woman taking off her clothes.

The artist retrieves and preserves this moment, then pairs it with a flickering torch raised to illuminate a long-sealed tomb or temple. An altar is evoked and this prosaic ghost flesh is reborn as a goddess.

Straining for details, leaning in, I'm pushed to recall what this is like, to be viewed not by a lover, or by yourself, but to be asked to perform your body, your womanliness, for an unknown future audience. There's a floating sensation, disembodied from any desire, hoping for money perhaps, trapped in the moment while already living in some future version of it. I see what I feel: a negation of self while enacting the eternal.

Now the goddess is in a different room: lounging, crouching, waving her hips lethargically toward the lens. She's following direction but whether shy or sulky, she remains unreadable. Along with the artist who recycles her form, she protects us from the collusion of exploitation, with first, a resistance, the pretense of unknowing, and then by fogging the frame. The artist reaches back in time to give this lost goddess her due, a second exposure that points to the disguise inherent in the act of undressing for a camera, the self-veiling refusal to surrender her private light.

*Hope Peterson was born in Winnipeg and now lives in Toronto. She is a media artist and filmmaker working in experimental, documentary and installation genres. Her work has exhibited nationally and internationally and is in the collections of the University of Winnipeg and the National Gallery of Canada.*



## A RESPONSE TO *THE MAGIK IFFEKTOR*

BY MEGANELIZABETH DIAMOND

Sometimes the people in my memories  
are a blur, as if one could be another  
could be a third;  
and sometimes, my memories are  
not memories at all but ghosts  
pretending,  
out of line with reality,  
moulded from formerly accurate shapes,  
replete with embellishments.



I study these fictions as truths,  
the two now discernible like distant shadows,  
the rate at which they multiply —  
absurdly.

It builds up and up and up and at some point you realize that every time you cough  
you're pulling the tide into your throat,  
and that every time you breath deeply to laugh you're running the risk of choking  
on a whole pond.

Keep breathing into this: a phantom kiss, a ghost, an illusion, a dream.  
The glow from memory.

I sing doopa la vittoria as the sun sets,  
mourning their loss as I exhale  
provider now of a feast of ashes,  
burned from figures and memories of lovers old.

*Meganelizabeth Diamond is a Canadian visual artist from rural Manitoba whose work utilizes and explores analog and digital forms of image capturing, collage and filmmaking.*

## THE POOL

BY MIKE HOOLBOOM

Like all of her movies, *The Pool* (4:14 minutes, 2015) is short and silent. It reviews a past moment, straining it through an unlikely chain of technologies, marrying science dreams from different eras, laying one cutting edge over another, producing new relics that demonstrate a first-person archaeology of machines.

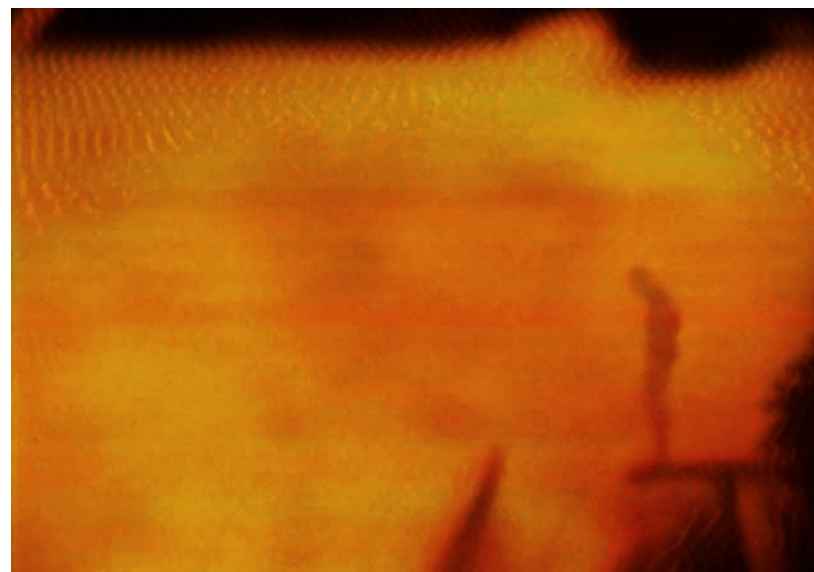
For this outing, the artist begins with home movie footage shot on film, then refilms it through broken glass onto a pair of video cameras, one analog, one digital, and then runs it through a home-made video synthesizer. The effect is to turn the image into toffee, a brown cream colour replaces the original colours, edges are softened and blurred, while the ground of each picture becomes a thick gooey pile.

Three men pose for the camera briefly, before diving one after another into the pool. They hold each other's bodies and then fall into the pool again. The casual choreography announces that they are camera ready, striking poses, carrying out a script. While their actions demonstrate their closeness and friendship, there is little to mark out a personality, a singularity, even their faces are smudged beyond clear recognition.

As Steve Reinke opined in the first of *The One Hundred Videos* "everyone's home movies are basically the same." But what's interesting about these pics is how uninteresting they are. A pal recently attended Harold Pinter's *The Dumbwaiter* and was bored beyond belief, but immediately after, in the lobby, her conversation felt like "conversation in a lobby." Somehow the Pinter had allowed her to see how the games of language and interaction were being played, codes respected, roles performed.

The social space the artist is interested in is not made out of language, but pictures, the ways we image or imagine ourselves. In this short movie, she conjures the world of pictures as a pool, inescapable and alluring. We keep returning to it, in fact, it's part of us, part of who we are, or have become. In this movie, the background becomes the foreground.

The pool, at least as I read it, is the medium in which we are swimming in order to make sense of each other. In order to come together, to have friendships, to fall in or out of love. We are all creatures of the pool. It sticks to us. It is only inside the burnt molasses goop of this medium that we can find the thing we name as ourselves. Of course it distorts our gestures, it stretches our arms until we can



reach across the pool in a single stroke, it fills the sky with hazy geometries of distortion. But it's only inside this palimpsest of a medium expressing itself (daring to show itself, to come out of the closet of transparency and invisibility) that we can finally see how these performances of trick dives and showcase modellings are rooted in the social glue of the medium itself. The trick dive the artist herself performs is to grant equal weight to what is being looked at, and how we are looking. Or as one celebrated Russian programmer put it, she is "observing the observer."

*Mike Hoolboom is a Toronto-based media artist and writer.*

## NATIONTIME

BY DIRK DE BRUYN

*But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?*

*It speaks, and yet says nothing.*

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

*Nationtime* (1.5 minutes 2013) unfolds an instant into a meditation on light. A short sample of a fireworks explosion in the night sky is captured on a cell phone, stretched out and processed through VHS analog tape to create layers of light that cocoon the light-burst's flame. Its grey outer aura seems more brittle than the white-yellow-orange vulva-like inner core. The silence is cold. Are we in inner or outer space?

In the 1960s and 1970s, when it was just about 16mm film, artists like Paul Sharits and Tony Conrad produced longer works that chanted their audiences into a catatonia that transcended time. Now there is no time to deny. Today is made up of instants, the question is how to locate the key inside each maelstrom: pattern recognition.

Marshall McLuhan saw that: "The electric light is pure information. It is a medium without a message." *Nationtime* comes pretty close. But abstraction can also be about the real. Certainly now with speed-up cultures, sampling becomes the norm and the artist has learned how to find her "story" not as content, but as structure. Abstraction was a useful tactic in the 1950s for a Yugoslav avant-garde that needed to avoid the censor's teeth. More recently in Apichatpong Weerasethakul's *Blue* (12 minutes 2019) abstracted and unsettling flames suggest Thailand's political uncertainty.

Given this Canadian work is called *Nationtime* I am also tempted by Harold Innis's commentary on Canada's embrace of time as a counterweight to the colonizing, space-oriented technologies from the south. The imagery began its life on a cell phone screen, a singular node in an expansive world wide web, where these tensions now play out. Latimer wrings time out of a pyrotechnic vortex that she stretches across digital and analog light forms. There is not much time here, but there is more than there was, and more than would be created by smashing subatomic particles around Geneva's Large Hadron Collider at breakneck speed. Given its processing trajectory and the artifacts it kicks up, this video could loop

endlessly. A stuttering flashbulb moment that continually re-asserts itself. There is a journey here along with a particularly Canadian lament.

The grey framing artifacts that shroud the firework's flame bring back memories of looking out windows at the moon in the dead of night in northern British Columbia in the 1990s. That looking glass into the darkness was covered with layers of crystal ice that blunted and framed the movement of light outside. It was twenty below zero and the ice was growing on the inside walls like a breathing virus every night and day.

I also remember filming a similarly burning effigy of Guy Fawkes on Bonfire Night in Smithers, British Columbia on super 8. I used it years later in a film coupled with a bone-chilling scream to finally exorcise a particularly gnawing pain out of my body.

*Dirk de Bruyn has made numerous animations, performance and installation work since 1973 in Australia. In the early '90s de Bruyn lived and practiced his no-budget filmmaking in Vancouver. Retrospective programs of his animations have been presented at Melbourne International Animation Festival (2016), Alternativa, Belgrade, Serbia (2015) and Punto Y Raya, Karlsruhe Germany (2016).*



## LINES POSTFIXAL

BY MIKE HOOLBOOM

Have I come too late? It was the cri de coeur of hard-smoking academic theorist Michael Dorland, as he patiently combed through the Canadian fringe movie scene, which seemed to arrive only after the Americans, after the major figures had laid their footprints down. It seems we had come too late for the party, and that filled us with what he called resentment.<sup>1</sup>

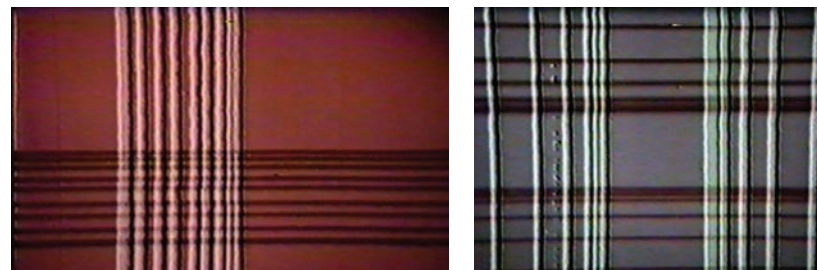
There were exceptions of course, like the über celebrated Norman McLaren, the most widely-distributed experimentalist in the medium's short history, though as usual, even as his eclectic and singular creations — ranging from hand-drawn animations (even soundtracks!), stop motion live action, or else rapturous dance odysseys — continued to dazzle and befuddle classrooms around the world, it was clear he was a law unto himself, brought into the comforts and confines of the National Film Board by fellow UK pal John Grierson.

*Lines Horizontal* (1960), *Lines Vertical* (1962), and *Mosaic* (1965), are all labelled studies, co-authored by McLaren and Evelyn Lambart, the latter two variations of each other. The artists began by applying themselves directly onto the 16mm surface, scratching straight lines with a ruler. The lines move crisply up and down the frame, and then in ever more complex and playful rhythms. Two years after *Lines Horizontal* the artists tilted their original frames 90 degrees and posted a new soundtrack to it, creating *Lines Vertical*. Three years on they laid the two *Lines* movies together, keeping only the meeting points between the perpendicular lines.

But the days of 16mm distribution have given way to the digital tidal wave, even as far back as the 1980s the NFB undertook a major cull of their holdings. Many iconic titles wound up in the trash, including *Lines Horizontal* and *Lines Vertical*, which found their way into the hands of Christine Lucy Latimer. Has she also come too late to the party? But no, in a gesture that mimics the relentless digitization of media, she refilms the worn 16mm prints and then superimposes them, creating her own mosaic of past and present, her own leylines of cinemas past and future in *Lines Postfixal* (4.5 minutes, 2013). Are we only gleaners, left to pick the garbage of avant-gardes past, hoping for a useful scrap, rubbing a little of that cherished aura onto our own offerings?

For this artist, like nearly everyone today, the 16mm avant heritage lives on Youtube and Karagarga, often in faded and degraded copies of copies. Though DVD grabs also hold sway. These legacy items are not part of a community setting or public venture, but inhaled privately, in the blizzard of all access too-muchness. If the 16mm avant scenes thrived and died in an economy of scarcity (yes, I'm thinking about Jack Smith dying in his shithole apartment, waiting for us at the bottom of the swimming pool), the new fringe scenes are trying to cope with an economy of overabundance. Call it: the place of art in neo-liberal culture.

With her tender gesture of rescue and re-projection, the artist returns these prints one last time to the machine they were produced for. She shines a light on shining a light. She lays a wreath for McLaren and Lambart, while staking a claim for her own makings, her own necessary trajectories. Bringing the past into the present has been one of the most fundamental projects of cinema. Perhaps coming too late means arriving just in time.



1. "What nationalism and culture there would be in Canada would thus be i) firmly Erastian, ie. under the authority of the State, both in character and in organization ii) and if not under the control of the state, either marginalized, fragmentary, or non-existent or if neither of the above iii) imported. Which is to say that, in Canada, resentment takes the form of the administrative practice of an absent discourse on the relationship between nationalism and culture." Ontology of Canadian resentment: the discourse of Canadian silence by Michael Dorland <https://journals.uvic.ca/index.php/ctheory/article/download/14176/4961>

## PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS IN MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY

BY JEFFREY PAULL

We might be in the reading room of an archive. Sh-h-h-h! In silence, white gloved hands carefully turn the pages of a bound copy of The British Journal's "Photographer's Almanac of 1957." The pages are turned too quickly for us to peruse, but the movie's out of focus anyway. Many pages have two columns. The inner columns are editorial text, too small to read. The outer columns feature ads with big pictures of the equipment of the day: folding cameras, inexpensive 35mm cameras, darkroom equipment...

Mammoth hit of nostalgia for me as I was in the eleventh grade in 1957 — the year of that issue of Modern Photography she thumbs through. I was totally into photography, and often paged through photo magazines, wallowing in a beginner-boy's ungrounded equipment fantasies.

I worked in a camera store after school and summers so I handled and sold a good deal of what is on those pages. I got an employee discount and because I bought a LOT he never had to pay me much. After my boss went home at 6pm on Tuesdays and Fridays, I worked alone until 8pm, and if it wasn't busy, I could fondle all the photo gear I wanted.

I used to like to feel the edge-grooves as I rotated the f-stops, the cold but carefully machined metal bits which functionally interlocked with other moving elements that added up to a camera. That was part of an entire chain of devices and processes, the only aspect of my life that allowed me to live beyond the stasis of my 1957 present.

It was the 1950s, for god's sake — before ELVIS, even!

Nostalgia can be a beast.

Since that is (holy fuck) over 60 years ago, my 1957 self has been in storage. It's in the basement of my past.

Next step: try to see beyond my own back yard.

*Jeffrey Paull is a Toronto-based artist and writer, retired from Sheridan College after many years of eye opening service.*



# WORDS AND IMAGES IN CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER'S PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS IN MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY

BY FRANCESCO GAGLIARDI

THE BRITISH JOURNAL Photographic Almanac 1957

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THE NS UNIPOD Ilford Manual of Process Work **ILFORD**

- 46 images of cameras
- 40 images of camera accessories
- 27 images of photographic equipment, several including a female model
- 25 images of chemical products and other developing equipment
- 19 unidentifiable images
- 12 images of film-rolls and printing paper
- 7 images of flashes and other lighting equipment
- 6 images of tripods
- 6 images of photocopying equipment
- 5 images of screens
- 4 images of cutting accessories
- 3 images of light meters
- 3 images of binoculars
- 2 images of buildings
- 1 image of a book

a full-page image of a blonde woman in a black and white stripy dress and a red headscarf  
an image of a woman in a sun hat on a pale blue background  
an image of a woman in a dust pink hooded coat and a boy in a blue hat  
a full-page black-and-white image of a chemical plant: pipes, two spherical structures  
a full-page black-and-white image of a crawling child  
a full-page black-and-white image of a potter in his studio, looking pensive  
an image of a woman in an orange blouse lying on a couch with a yellow cushion behind her  
an image of a mountain village: blue sky, green grass  
an X-ray image of a human pelvis  
a full-page black-and-white image of focus charts  
a full-page black-and-white abstraction  
four smaller black-and-white images of flowers  
a full-page black-and-white image of a woman holding a smiling child in her arms  
a full-page black-and-white image of clouds or fire  
a full-page black-and-white aerial image of a city at night  
a full-page black-and-white image of water spurting from a showerhead  
a full-page black-and-white image of a duck in a pond  
a full-page black-and-white image of a building  
a full-page black-and-white image of a woman in black pants and a white shirt  
a full-page black-and-white dramatically lit male portrait  
a full-page black-and-white image of a girl in white sitting on a bench with a small boy  
a full-page black-and-white image of trees  
a full-page black-and-white female nude  
a full-page image of a yellow Sicilian cart loaded with purple and yellow flowers  
a black-and-white image of suckling pigs  
a black-and-white image of a smiling baby  
an image of a woman in a glamorous yellow, blue and magenta dress  
an image of a Kabuki actor wearing red and white, on a painted background of green foliage

*Francesco Gagliardi is performance artist, writer, and occasional filmmaker based in Toronto.*

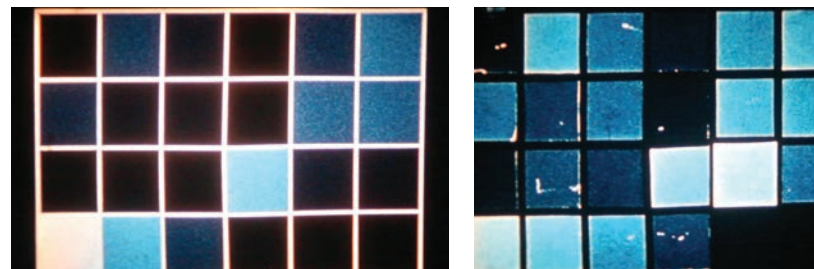
## THE COLOURS OF OUR TRADE

BY STEPHEN BROOMER

*...there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade.*

Christine Lucy Latimer's *Still Feeling Blue About Colour Separation* (2015) continues the artist's exploration of medium exchange, revisiting a central tool of cinema (the Macbeth ColorChecker card) through hundreds of digital reproductions, rephotographed on super 8, each card dissolving into the next. The resulting film extends precision values from one medium into another. In her annotation for the film, Latimer notes that these tools find a new life in the present as part of a digital photographer's toolset. And yet, her project turns back further, to photography's early life, through her own darkroom process. She uses cyanotype printing to shift the diverse range of the card's colours (colours made more diverse by variables such as lenses, stocks, digital colour profiles, and so on) towards myriad shades of blue.

The title, struck with the nostalgia of a torch song, makes an ironic crooner out of Latimer, whose work becomes encyclopedic and maximalist, the card's checkerboard steadily metamorphosing in highly visible ways (as some cards show deterioration, as well as the interventions of printed texts and crude hand-made markings). Simultaneously, her work reduces this act, focusing on two enduring values: of the Macbeth card's perfect twenty-four-square pattern and the blossoming variations of a single colour. Any monochromatic shift of colour film will signal to some the familiar vision of a film reel with its cyan and yellow dyes faded, leaving only the magenta dye and our splicers "unmannerly breech'd with gore." Yet Latimer's film is no mausoleum. In it, we see the continuity of tools and craft, but also, a conceit approaching the impossible, a total record of blue, her title reminding us of the variations of blue that are cast from vision into feeling, symbol and music.



The particular variations of Latimer's checkerboard include a shifting grid from black to white; contrasts that shift few or many, or all but a single square to a deep black; the interruption of shadows and fingertips and granular patterns. Occasionally a softened edge to the squares gives a passing sensation of shifting focus. As the squares blink on and off, they test the viewer's perception, their blinking is partly informed by the darkness of tones slipping from blue to black, and partly by the chance of a given card's range of contrasts. Cinema, like all arts, is built from the principles, continuities, and essential truths of its media. It fades selectively, becomes obsolescent, and leaves its imprint on new arts, methods, and experiences. As much as Latimer's film is engaged with this order — one that crosses all media — it, like much of her work, is a celebration of cinema, its vitality and the perceptual games of its material life.

*Stephen Broomer is a filmmaker from Toronto, Canada. Four years ago, Christine Lucy Latimer and Broomer began to trade films. This began a ritual: she would give him an abandoned reel as a birthday gift, and he would return something made from it for her birthday. Their friendship, typified by this exchange, is itself a rare gift. He is still working on the last reel she gave him and one day it will find its way back to her.*

## FRACTION REFRAIN

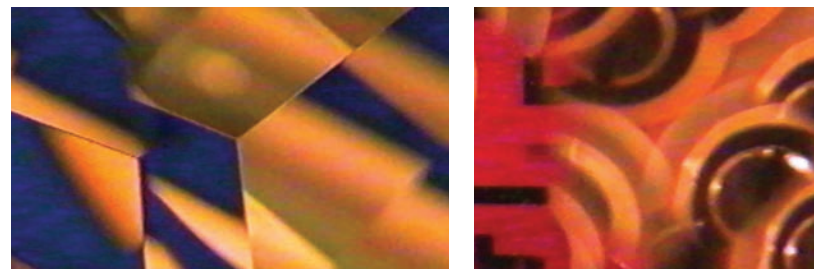
BY FRANCESCO CAZZIN AND FRANCESCA RUSALEN

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN *L'EMERGERE DEL POSSIBILE*, JUNE 2016

*Fraction Refrain (for Loeser, Evans & Snow)* (5 minutes 2014) is a work of experimental cinema, in the strictest sense of the term, in fact the work of Christine Lucy Latimer is not only born within but also continues a conversation within its traditions. Her movies must be considered within its systems (of machines, of thought), which work to undo the romantic project of subjectivity, re-centering subjectivity in the work itself. This is the strongest assertion of *Fraction Refrain (for Loeser, Evans & Snow)*. Technique cannot be considered outside its function as an echo and extension of subjectivity, but it comes into focus only when it is absent, removed. We do not see the VHS machines, or the glass, we only see their effects. What we see is an absence, a space where production used to take place. And this turns out to be very fertile ground for new possibilities of seeing, and being seen.

In fact, what happens? Christine Lucy Latimer puts glass shards in front of a VHS video camera. This is the gesture. This gesture is not immediately filmic except in leaving the film, that is, the author lets the film separate from itself, and continue independently. Of course, we have the perception of the image produced by this gesture, but this position is applied to the images, there is a necessary doubling at work. It is not a simple matter of form and substance, of power and act; if anything, and much more deeply, it is a question of a causality that, in its strictness, comes to be indefinable, whose chain becomes inscrutable.

The technical gesture re-replaces the image, but the image does not show us the VHS machine. The glass is transparent, and everything that makes up the image is visually disconnected from the gesture that creates it and in the final instance, undoes it. In this sense, the technical gestures stand for something more, more than the film even, in the sense that the cinema itself relies on decomposition, the hiding of its production. Technique was the basis for this film, but it cannot be shown, all that can be shown is light. The possibility of cinema does not end either in the gesture or in the image. Hence a new spectator, and new forms of subjectivity, emerge between the image, between what is shown, and the techniques that produced that showing.



The subjectivity of the author is dismissed by technique. “Christine Lucy Latimer” is dissolved in her being-subject by the gesture that she performs and at the same time the spectator, as another subject, find themselves suspended in a new state because there is no way to put the body of the spectator into the body of the artist, or even the pictures they want to share. Instead, as Jean Epstein insisted: the camera has its own intelligence, and the cinema only brings to mind the intelligence of a machine, whose thinking cannot be completely altered by its subjects.

And then we understand the reference to the directors to whom the work is dedicated, especially to Michael Snow, perhaps the most fiercely technical of experimental filmmakers. Let’s think, for example, of the gesture, the conceptual conceit, that precedes *La Région Centrale* (180 minutes 1971). Something is disarticulated, some fundamental disconnection is produced by creating a machine that can move the camera by remote control, at a distance. The machine images are evidence of the machine’s seeing, they show us the machine, though it is never seen, the image reveals by concealing, it points to what it cannot show. The gesture of the machine disappears with the appearance of the image, in other words, the cinema is still to come, endlessly deferred. This alterity — both with regard to the image and to the gesture — produces a different kind of spectator, through what Epstein called the intelligence of a machine, whose psycho-corporeal disintegration re-orientates the mind and refers to something that is not here but there. Call it: a promise, a deferral, the satisfaction of the not-yet.

*Francesco Cazzin and Francesca Rusalen (both born in 1991) met because of the cinema and write about experimental films on the blog L'emergere del possibile; their touchstone is “Cinema vivant” by Saint-Pol-Roux as well as Nick Land’s writings.*

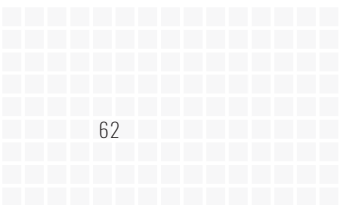
# ROADSIDE

BY CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER

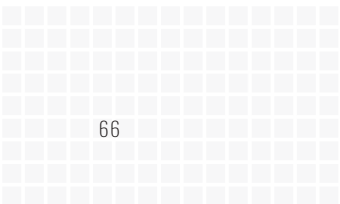
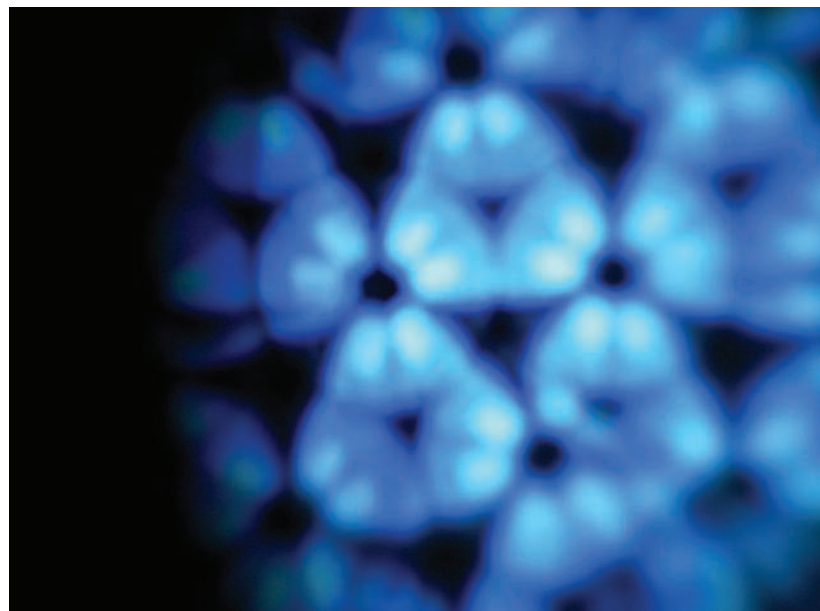
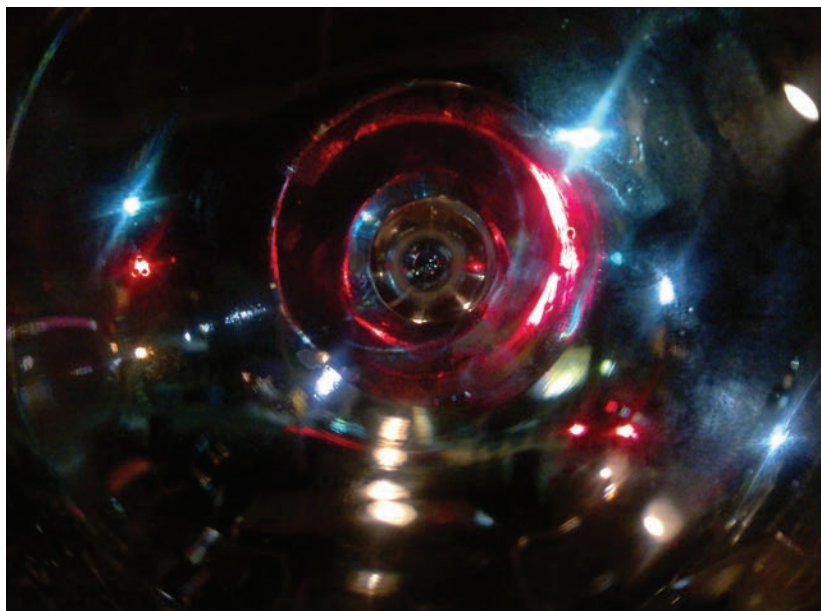












## CROSS CONTAMINATION IN THE MOVIE MACHINE: IN A DARK ROOM WITH CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER

BY CLINT ENNS

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*Peel the skin away from my eyes  
and look in*

THE MELVINS, As It Was

Like most stories that involve friendship and cinephilia, this tale begins with a few anecdotes about our time spent together in a dark room. I confess, Christine Lucy Latimer and I spent numerous afternoons and nights together watching one of the most extreme forms of slow cinema, an incredibly complex genre that remains unknown to most film scholars and that has relatively few contemporary connoisseurs. This genre of experimental slow cinema usually isn't fully developed and most of it feels like it is still in-process. Fortunately, CLL is one of the foremost experts in the genre.

Whenever life became too stressful, CLL and I would retreat to Gallery 44's darkroom, a well-equipped bunker in the basement of 401 Richmond Street West, to process our ever-expanding collections of unprocessed film. My own collection usually consists of a wide variety of discontinued film stocks and formats, mainly exposed film rolls stolen from cameras in second hand stores. CLL's collection often consists of her own images, many the result of her own hard labour and conceptually complex processes. In the darkroom we would watch our images slowly emerge, an extremely enjoyable, yet often stressful, process. It was during our time spent in the darkroom that I began to understand CLL's artistic practice and experimental methodology.

Like every experimentalist that transforms chemical compounds and reflected light into images, CLL is considered a contemporary alchemist. Given the important role that alchemy plays in CLL's practice, it isn't a mere coincidence that the Melvins debut album *Gluey Porch Treatments*, released on Alchemy Records, could often be heard loudly reverberating throughout the basement of 401 Richmond on those late nights spent watching the images form. Ex-Nirvana drummer Dave Grohl describes the album as both heavier and better than Black Sabbath. Although the films and videos of CLL are often silent, the images themselves were never formed in silence,



Reticulated image found on an undeveloped 120 roll from circa 1930. Image processed with Christine Lucy Latimer.

and as such, the sludgy residue of eclectic forms of free jazz, metal, punk, and noise music can be felt in her work.

As an experienced alchemist, CLL left chance to the backgammon board, a game that she and many of her friends, including myself, would spend countless summer nights playing on the deck of her apartment in Toronto's West End. In the darkroom, CLL would meticulously calculate and measure the chemicals and temperatures needed to produce her desired results. Nothing short of the required twenty dump and fills to stop the ritual would satisfy CLL. As her aspiring apprentice, she would often ask me, "how many dump and fills did you just perform?" To which I responded, "probably about twenty, for sure." She would then scold in jest, "No way! I was counting and you only performed eighteen," and I would be obligated by the Universal Laws to fill and dump an additional two times.

The alchemist processes that CLL has spent her life developing are rigorous, yet still highly unstable and the result of intense experimentation. As such, at times they didn't produce the imagined results. When a process would fail, CLL began thinking about potential solutions. At times the solution would be to start the project again, trying a slightly different path. No big deal, shoot some more and try to avoid this type of failure in the future. At other times, the solution would be to accept the outcome and embrace it, to celebrate it as something new, different and unexpected. Overall, I was just happy if any image emerged and considered it a particularly good day if I didn't spill developer or some other caustic material on my only pair of pants.



Installation documentation of *Stereovision Tanks Disguised as Aquariums* (2014) at The Robert McLaughlin Gallery. (Leslie Supnet, Cameron Moneo, Stephen Broomer. Photo by Clint Enns).

All of these darkroom antics prove useful in analyzing CLL's work. Even the act of religiously entering a dark room in the digital era suggests something about her practice, as the images she produces are often the result of antiqued processes created using obsolete technologies. In spite of this, the images are not attempts to fetishize these processes, nor are they an attempt to show the superiority of analogue techniques over digital. Through medium cross-contamination, CLL is exploring antiquated media in an attempt to better understand the new epoch we are entering. Contemporary media archeologists examine human activity through the analysis of antiqued media tools. In contrast, artists like CLL are not simply analyzing and theorizing about antiqued technologies, they are attempting to understand them within a contemporary context by actively engaging with them. Through these experiments, it is possible to better understand what has been lost and what has been gained through digital technologies.

Consider CLL's *Super 8 Sun Beam* (2016), a piece in which a lens flare is captured by a super 8 camera pointed directly at the sun. The film was digitized, transformed into a short GIF and displayed in a digital picture frame. By displaying it in this form, CLL poses the question: in what ways does this remain a super 8 sunbeam? This relatively simple gesture, while aesthetically pleasing, would not have been possible to create in the recent past. For instance, it would not have been possible to use analog video cameras to record this image since pointing the camera directly at the sun would have damaged it. Moreover, with many early digital cameras (or some of the more inexpensive cameras available today), there would have been a black spot where the sun is, since the camera would switch-off parts of the sensor if they receive too much light in order to avoid being damaged. With super 8, it was possible to capture this rather innocent looking sunbeam; however, exhibiting it poses another problem. By transferring it into its current form, CLL was able to present a pristine version of the loop without having to make duplicates of the camera original and without having to worry about a projector damaging the loop.

A few years ago, after a long day of processing 35mm film, CLL showed me several beautiful, black-and-white images. The strip of film consisted of a series of psychedelic images, all produced in double. This strip was the test-run for a piece that would eventually become *Stereovision Tanks Disguised as Aquariums* (2014). The images themselves were long-exposures of the colourful Mac OS screensaver. Ironically, screensavers are no longer necessary on modern LCD flatscreen monitors, they are a relic from an era in which CRT monitors would develop "burn in" if exposed to the same image for too long. A screensaver was used to avoid having an image "burnt" into the screen. The long-exposure photography used by CLL allowed the movement of the screensaver to finally be captured, in essence, burnt into the film. All of the images were produced in double since CLL captured the screensaver using

a 1950s stereoscopic camera. The final piece consisted of a series of eight stereoscopic images, each displayed in their own stereoscope viewfinders, providing the images produced on a flatscreen with the illusion of depth.

All of this might sound too serious; hence, it is worth repeating that CLL and I had serious fun processing film together in the darkroom. Processing film takes time and that time spent together involved much laughing, goofing around, philosophizing, talking shit, enjoying silence, discussing our personal lives, listening to music too loudly, gossiping and generally escaping the usual pressures that come from living as an artist within a large metropolitan city where the rents are too high and paycheques too scarce. Those nights in the darkroom reinforce, at least to me, an aspect of art that is too often overlooked, namely, its social function. Did CLL and I make masterpieces those nights in the darkroom? Probably, but is that really the point?

Art making can be an inexpensive and enjoyable way to explore your creative energy and to enjoy the company of people you wish you had more time for. Through the creative process bonds are formed and rekindled. It is evident throughout her work that CLL uses both the process of art making and the works themselves as a way of forging bonds. For instance, consider *Over {Past:Future} Sight* (2006), a film based on footage of her father's laser eye surgery; *Jane's Birthday* (2013), a video that attempts to transform a day at the beach with her sister that turned sour into something beautiful; or *Fraction Refrain (for Loeser, Evans & Snow)* (2014), a video inspired by Micheal Snow's aptly titled poem, *Poem* (1957) which elegantly documents a pinball machine, the prize possession of her partner at the time, Mark Loeser, a gift from their friend, pinball wizard Justin Evans.

Finally, many of the nights CLL and I spent in the darkroom together were after Pleasure Dome board meetings, an artist-run programming collective for which we both volunteered. Our time spent there was difficult as the organization was in the process of radical transformation. Artist-run centres ruin lives. An account of our time spent together on this board is for another time, when the wounds are less fresh. Nevertheless, we both joined this board for the same reason, to support local culture and artists, to ensure artists are paid properly, and to create a space where art could fulfill its social function. We believe in a space, a dark room, where artists can connect with their peers, since the relationships formed in these spaces are crucial to our survival as artists.

*Clint Enns is a visual artist living in Montreal, Quebec. His artworks often use found material and are created using broken or outdated technologies. His work has shown both nationally and internationally at galleries, festivals, alternative spaces and microcinemas.*

## MEDIA ARCHAEOLOGIST: CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER

INTERVIEW BY ALEXANDRA GELIS AND MIKE HOOLBOOM  
[APRIL 2019]

CHRISTINE: I've pulled out some objects to talk about my general preoccupation with light and movement. This is one of my favourite things, a Victorian kaleidoscope that was put in front of magic lantern projectors. It's something I have lying around because I'm eternally preoccupied with moving light and colour, I have been since I was young. The objects I've accumulated over the years are an inspiration for my photographic practice. Finding weird things is key. I haven't done a great deal of my own shooting, I cobble things together that I find.

MIKE: You mentioned early childhood experiences.

CHRISTINE: I was the type of kid who would stare at water falling on the window. My mother would be amazed that I was caught by the light. I'm dazzled by sun dances, reflections and glints that people walk by every day. I don't know why people aren't more distracted by things that glimmer with weather. I don't know why people move so fast.

I began watching experimental film in the mid-90s on VHS. It was the answer to this question: why don't people stop and pay more attention? Here was an already established history that granted attention to abstractions. I saw the Mystic Fire videos (Harry Smith, Kenneth Anger...). I went to the reference library on school trips to Toronto and watched movies in a study carrel. I researched in order to find a like-minded perspective on looking.





I wanted to show you this toy, which has been a very important object for me. It's a concave plastic mirror with an orange ball dangling inside it. When the ball moves it creates a crazy optical/spatial effect.

ALEXANDRA: It reflects the viewer.

CHRISTINE: I also wanted to show you this Anscomatic Deluxe Developing Outfit. This is from an era where parents typically had darkrooms in closets or basements. Everyone had cameras and used them to document their lives. My father took 35mm pictures when I was young that he would hand process in our bathroom, making contact prints with this contact printer box. This is the kit I learned to process film with when I was young. I hold on to these old tools and keep using them, cleaning everything with vinegar so that I don't eventually contaminate my entire house with fixer. The quaint nature of consumer photography convenience in the 1970s is something that fascinates me. This darkroom kit was readily available in department stores in the 1970s, the feeling was that anyone could do it.

When I was growing up there was an art gallery offering photo courses a couple of towns away housed in an old grain mill with a dirt floor basement in



Clarington, Ontario. That's where I learned to print and enlarge the negatives I was shooting with my dad's old Pentax. When I was eighteen I bought a Canon and eventually accumulated a dozen lenses for it. Throwing black and white film into the camera, popping film into a tank and processing it, those are rituals I completely understand, they're second nature.

I don't shoot as much as I did when I was learning, now I accumulate and collect things that others have shot and discarded. I use photo negatives and slides, VHS tapes, super 8 reels. These are the physical materials that no one wants anymore. I still want them, and still have the desire to make things that take up space.

Another important object belonged to my mom and I still use it. It's a classic bound-leather SX-70. This is the only consumer model Polaroid camera that had a through-the-lens viewfinder. The best Polaroid ever built. On the advice of a gallerist, my mother bought it in the 1970s to document her paintings and drawings. More recently she's moved into making physical objects. For the past couple of years she's been trying to make a giant knot out of gauze that would fill an entire gallery room.

My father did photography and remains a huge cinephile. We went to movies together. He paid for the movie network channel (then called Superchannel) and we'd tape movies on multiple VCRs so we could watch them on the weekend. There were a lot of kooky independent American B movies, shot on 16mm in the 70s, filled with languid scenes. They gave me an inkling of something outside of Hollywood. The difference between those textures was feeding my interest in film around the time I was starting to shoot and process stills.

ALEXANDRA: Did you spend time with your mom?

CHRISTINE: When I was a teenager my mom and I would go to life drawing classes together at the local art gallery in Oshawa. My mom was part of a community of artists there, mostly painters, photographers and sculptors. Every weekend we went to an opening. In the summer I took classes, sometimes with my mom, sometimes alone. I would work in clay or do oil painting or photography.

I spent a lot of time with my mom talking through and watching her process. My mother went to OCA (Ontario College of Art) in the 1960s to study drawing and painting and received a very classical education. She's very precise, even to this day. She feels that there's a right way to do things, concentrating on the extension of her body in rendering something properly. I don't have the same preoccupation with representation, but it was neat to be around that. My sister and I would play outside or else draw and paint at the kitchen table. As I got older I wanted to take more pictures and process film. It was easy to do because I was around it all the time.



I was 22 and going to art college when my parents split up, my sister was still living at home which I don't think was very easy. It wasn't a surprise and I'm glad they're living their own lives now. Learning the foundations of creativity was good, but there were problems with family life because my parents are so different.

When I started going to OCAD (Ontario College of Art and Design) in the late-90s there was a colour theory class because there were people who didn't know that mixing red and yellow made orange. I knew that when I was four. There are certain advantages I had, maybe that's why I passed quickly through representation into abstraction and a preoccupation with light.

MIKE: You've done a lot of work with Polaroids or "instant film" — the post-war magical photos that develop while you wait, a consumer item that packaged film and darkroom together.

CHRISTINE: I took Barbara Astman's Experimental Photography class. She's an artist who works in Polaroid using experimental techniques. That's where I started to use Polaroid peel-apart film. You can peel the film off before it's fully developed and slap it onto paper and make prints on paper. The little imperfections where it lifts off and the stain of the exhausted chemistry at the bottom is something I love.

There's another technique where you let the film develop for a full minute, and then you peel it off and put it into boiling water so you can lift off the gelatin. I like lifting gelatins and putting them onto different surfaces. I love the feathery textures and plastic robustness.

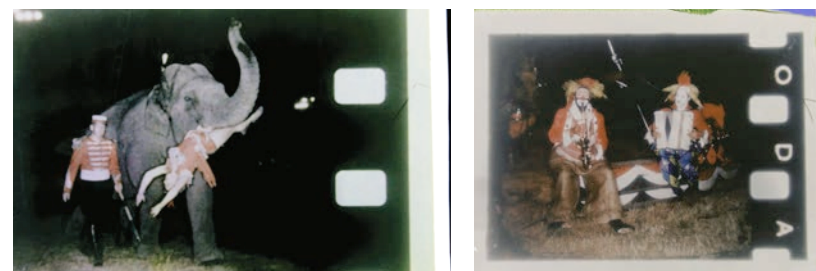
The final technique I learned was salvaging the gelatin from an integral print. Wikipedia: "The film itself integrates all the layers to expose, develop, and fix the photo into a plastic envelope and frame commonly associated with a Polaroid photo." The feathering and layering are a little more rigid. I've done a series where

I made pictures of light fixtures. I salvaged the gelatin and printed onto heavy watercolour paper. I'm trying to reinsert these images back into the world, imperfectly, with experimental techniques. These techniques have obviously influenced my motion image practice but photography is more immediate. It takes stamina, planning and energy to make a film, but I can do photography all the time. I can take an X-Acto knife and salvage the gelatin from a print in 5 minutes in my bathroom using running water and a sponge, in order to make a different print. Photography has been my everyday practice for 20 years, reworking found images.

I started to use this amazing machine: the Daylab 200. It's a kind of printer that allows you to make copies of slides or photographs. It's from the 1970s consumer age. It set off my preoccupation with found slides and materials. I buy slides at antique markets for nothing. I probably have 5000 slides. Apart from my own family slides, I have no relation to the people in these images. Here are some rice paper prints made from slides by a guy who used to work for Playboy.

I want to take you guys through a process of making a picture, and how complicated things can get once I really get going. I started with these two Viewmaster slides of kooky circus scenes: a woman in an elephant's mouth and some clowns, originally shot in super 16mm on Kodachrome.

I started making Polaroid prints of these slides, through the Daylab machine. I played around until I found an exposure I liked. Then I made them in different sizes. There's a technique where you can peel the print off and you have this gooey substrate. You haven't slapped it down and rolled it to get an image, a lot of people throw this away, it's the garbage part of the peel-apart Polaroid system. But you can salvage a negative from this if you tape it face down, then very carefully, using household bleach, remove the remjet black backing. Then I slid the negative back inside the film pack, so I could make a contact-printed version in negative, and took that peeled off layer and bleached the back of it to make a transparent positive. It looks very ghostly. I put these tiny light boxes into frames, transparent 4X5 Polaroids inside a homemade lightbox. I made two of them. Again, I started out by learning simple processes, and made a complex multi-step process. This is what happens when I get on a tear, curious about what I could do. None of the results were predictable.



MIKE: Could we make an abrupt turn? I was remembering a conversation you had with Genne Spears who was working at the Canadian Filmmakers Distribution Centre. She was baffled by the fact that you didn't want to leave your work with a distributor.

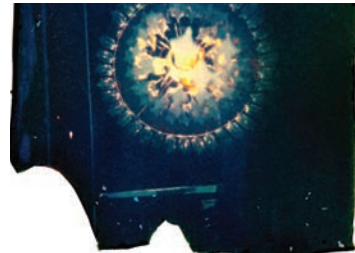
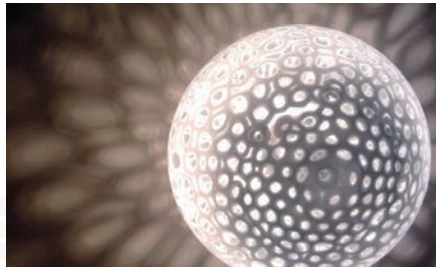
CHRISTINE: I self-distribute all of my moving image work. I deposited five prints at the CFMDC for six months once many years ago, and nothing happened. I don't think they even watched my films, though that's not necessarily what they said to me. There's a difference between a library and an archive, organizations should stick to one or the other.

Distribution requires the zeal and excitement of finding out where the work can go and contacting curators. I've been doing that since the 1990s, when I dubbed VHS tapes deck to deck in my living room and mailed them out. That administration should be done by an organization because it's expensive and labour-intensive. If you have the resources of an institution behind you, you should do it with keenness, don't just favour the celebrities in your collection and ignore the small artists who need exposure but don't know how to get it, or don't have time because they have to work for a living.

I haven't been very satisfied with distributors because they don't care enough. They haven't taken a fundamental enthusiasm into their own hands to give someone a voice when that artist may not have the agency to do so themselves. It takes determination that is born of frustration to self-distribute the way I have. I don't want other artists to go through that, but I think many have to.

MIKE: What is the Toronto media arts community like? Is community important?

CHRISTINE: I think it's reassuring for everyone that there are others making work in personal ways, even if you're not friends. Curation and exhibition has shifted towards people who have been marginalized and therefore, to work that we haven't seen before. There's no authority to the community anymore, the way there used to be. The Toronto media arts community is bigger now. When I was going to art school it was quite small, you could list all of the media artists on two people's fingers and toes.



We should all respect each other, but the idea that we should all like each other because we're working in the same field I never felt was necessary. Genuine respect and curiosity is the most important thing in affirming that someone belongs in the creative practice they've chosen for themselves. I don't think the familial element or everyone being chummy is a way to reinforce community. I've seen a number of disagreements occur between artists because they expected something more than just the respect of their peers.

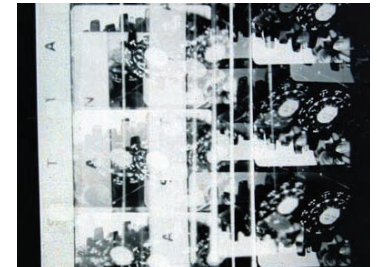
I don't know if the horizon looks good for materialist makers but who cares? I'm a white lady who is almost 40, contact printing on expired film. I don't know if my subjectivity is interesting for festivals, but that's fine, I'll step aside. I would rather hear from someone who hasn't had the chance.

MIKE: You're a curious archivist. You're continually rescuing and retrieving, but on the other hand you're disfiguring and dismembering.

CHRISTINE: I work with things that aren't wanted. I'm bringing them back into the world but usually it's just my world. Sometimes things go into exhibitions, but I don't exhibit my photo work much, I mostly just give it away to people as presents for their birthdays.

Experimental film often uses distressed materials as an allegory for missing memories. I don't care to dwell on memory and the body, but when I went to school those were the two things every film was about. I'm not preoccupied with creating new memories, or what I remember and don't. I like not knowing.

ALEXANDRA: I have a feeling that you are an archaeologist of media. Full of dust. Breathing the past and finding treasures. You're so aware of the chemistry and the things that need to be cleaned with vinegar, though you love the contamination that is experimentation. You give attention to the history behind each picture, the way media devices turn our looking. And you're always experimenting with the experiences you find.



## INTRODUCTION TO WRIK MEAD

BY CHRISTINE LUCY LATIMER  
[FEB. 24, 2017]

It is almost 30 years to the day that Wrik Mead made his first film, and 20 years to the day that Wrik last had a solo retrospective screening with Pleasure Dome, which was co-presented by the Images Festival in 1997.

I am very excited, on a personal level, that Pleasure Dome is once more devoting an evening to showcasing the now 30-year moving image career of Wrik Mead. I first met Wrik 18 years ago as a young student here at OCADU. I came to Toronto to make experimental films, and wanted to engage with celluloid specifically — in a destructive, hands-on and material way.

What I encountered at first were hesitant instructors who routinely slapped my hands for not handling film with enough care or respect. It was recommended to me to just shoot video, to use its immediacy — in signal and product — to toy around with. Film was a precious thing to be coddled and best left in the hands of those who would appropriately cherish it. And then I met Wrik, who was working as a technician in OCADU's Integrated Media department at the time. I recall confiding in him one day that I was awaiting the opportunity to really get my hands dirty with celluloid, and embark on process-based experiments that would unify material curiosities with experimental content. Excited by my questions, Wrik decided to take me under his wing and demonstrate to me basic, DIY processes that I wouldn't have otherwise been exposed to in class. Wrik started to meet me at school on Saturdays, unpaid, to show me how to use the optical printer, how to distress prints without destroying them, and how to integrate film and video in transfer processes.



He reinforced for me that I could totally circumvent the industry by taking active control over each step of the filmmaking process by shooting, processing and transferring the film myself. “Fuck it and do your own thing” was his advice. And all of this before I ever had the opportunity to see a film he had made!

Seeing Wrik's work for the first time — a seamless blending of exceptional technical aptitude, transgressive masturbatory fervor, queer sincerity and DIY aesthetics — made me question the ways that I wanted to make work. He was a generous person making messy, complex films and having a total blast doing it. He inspired so much of what I wanted to do in my own life and work, and it all started because he was the first grown-up who gave me the agency to do whatever the hell I wanted, in my own style and with my own voice.

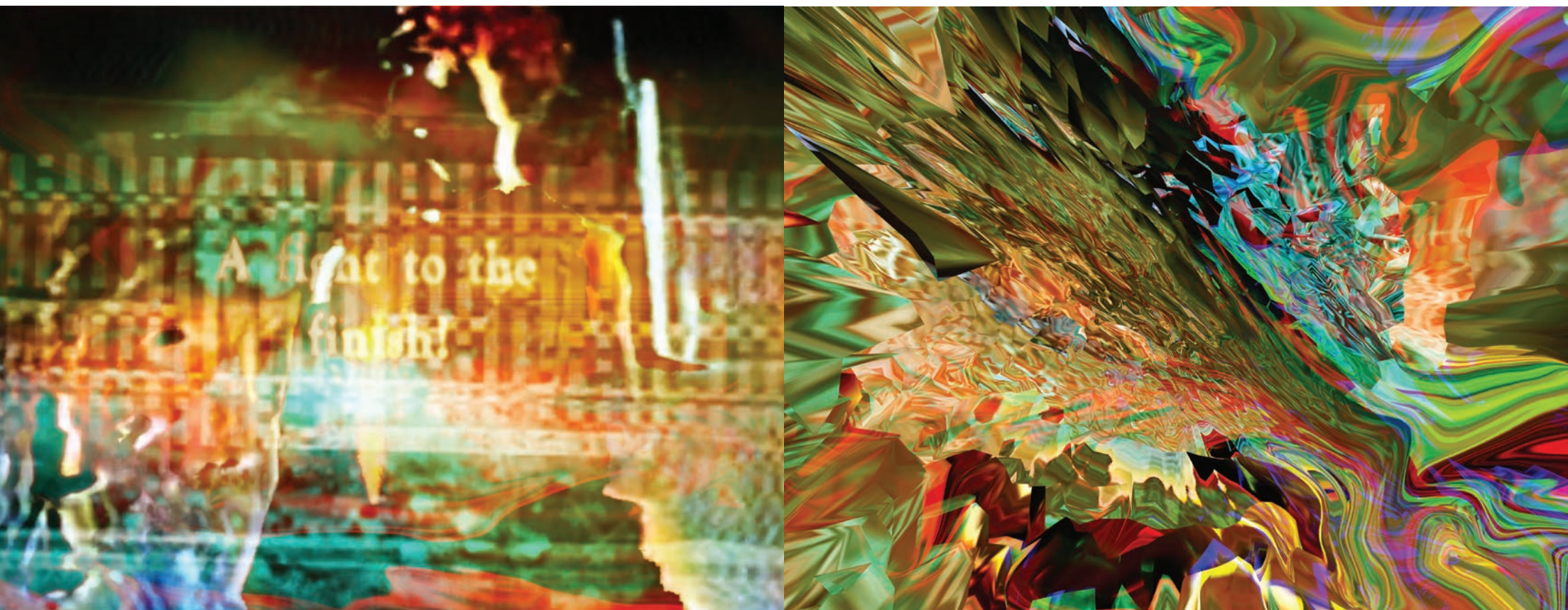
Now a professor at OCADU, he has since helped to shepherd hundreds of confused students through the same issues. Wrik's infectiously joyful attitude combined with his brilliant, subversive work, makes me want to make better films. He is a true filmmaker's filmmaker, and I hope following this screening that you'll think so too. Please join me in welcoming Wrik Mead!

Frame enlargements from: *What Isabelle Wants* by Wrik Mead (1987), *Grotesque* by Wrik Mead (2002), *Outcognito* by Wrik Mead (2017)

## CHRISTINE PORTRAIT: ARTIST PROJECT

BY MADELEINE PILLER

I used images of Christine's films to re-create an image of herself  
The images evolve from #1 to #2.



## BIO

Christine Lucy Latimer was born on January 24, 1980. Attended Ontario College of Art and Design from 1998-2002 majoring in Integrated Media, with a minor in Photo Arts. This interdisciplinary artist works with lens-based and time-based forms, including film, digital media and photography. She primarily acquires found footage that she processes through outdated analog technologies, as well as modern technologies, in order to create abstract visual works. In the past decade her prolific output has been featured across five continents in over 250 festivals and gallery exhibitions.

## MOVIES

*Mosaic* | 16mm/VHS video hybrid, 3 minutes, B&W, silent (2002)  
*Ghostmeat* | 16mm/Pixelvision hybrid, 12 minutes, B&W, silent (2003)  
*Program Description* | VHS video, 3.5 minutes, colour, sound (2003)  
*Inutilis* | Super 8mm/Pixelvision hybrid, 2 minutes, B&W, silent (2004)  
*Cartridge To Be Destroyed* | VHS/super 8mm hybrid, 3 minutes, colour, silent (2004)  
*The Bridge View* | VHS video, 18 minutes, colour, silent (2004)  
*Over {Past:Future} Sight* | 16mm/VHS video hybrid, 7 minutes, colour, silent (2006-07)  
*Just Beyond the Screen: The Universe, As We Know It, Is Ending* | 16mm/digital video hybrid, 4 minutes, colour/B&W, silent (2008)  
*Focus* | Super 8mm/16mm hybrid, 1.5 minutes, colour, silent (2009)  
*A Fight to the Finish* | 8mm/Pixelvision hybrid, 2 minutes, B&W, silent (2009)  
*Format* | Super 8mm/digital video hybrid, 3.5 minutes, B&W, silent (2010)  
*Fruit Flies* | 16mm, 1.5 minutes, colour, silent (2010)  
*Camera Roll (By Car, by Train)* | Super 8mm, 2 minutes, B&W, silent (2011)  
*The Pool* | 16mm/VHS video hybrid, 4.5 minutes, colour, silent (2011)  
*The Magik Iffektor* | VHS video, 4.5 minutes, colour, silent (2011)  
*The Virtues of Fusion* | VHS video, 3 minutes, colour, silent (2012)  
*Nationtime* | VHS/digital video hybrid, 1.5 minutes, colour, silent (2013)  
*Lines Postfixal* | 16mm/VHS/Betamax video hybrid, 4.5 minutes, colour, silent (2013)  
*Jane's Birthday* | VHS/digital video hybrid, 3.5 minutes, B&W, silent (2013)  
*Physics and Metaphysics in Modern Photography* | 16mm/digital video hybrid, 6.5 minutes, colour, silent (2014)  
*C2013* | 41:15 minutes (2014) (installation)  
*Fraction Refrain (For Loeser, Evans & Snow)* | VHS video, 5 minutes, colour, silent (2014)  
*Still Feeling Blue About Colour Separation* | cyanotype emulsion Super 8mm, 2 minutes, colour, silent (2015)



